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SONG.

BY LINCOLN LEAR EYRE.

Down the stream my love and I
Glide in peace and safety;
Nature laughs as we pass by
In the rainbow valley;
I am strong and brave and strong,
She is fair and tender;
To her as to my side along
Vows of love I render;
Down and down I go,
Down the stream I'm sailing;
She is dead and I am old,
And the wind is wailing.

Down the stream alone I go,
All alone and weeping;
Now has come the wind and snow
Where the sun was shining.
Manliness of the winter cold,
Vows of love I render.
And the wind is wailing.

WAS SHE GUILTY?

BY FAITH WYNDE,

Author of "The Fleecy Lee" Books, &c., &c.

CHAPTER I.

"I hate the dreadful hollow behind the little wood,
He lips in the field above are dotted with blood, red heads!
The red robbed lodges drip with silent horror of blood,
And echo there, whatever's asked for answers "death!"

A slender girl, with started eyes gazed with strange fascination far down into the ravine upon the prostrate form of Mr. Aitheon, hatred by an unlooked for touch of a hand—a hitherto gentle hand, into what? Eternity? And what is it? Had there fallen upon that still body an endless, dreamless sleep, an utter forgetfulness of all earth's weal and woe? or had the everbeting one already cast off its mortal habiliments and penetrated the mysteries that lie so near and yet so far, and with the rending of the veil that blinds this earthly vision, was the disembodied soul cognizant of the great agony looking out from the frightened eyes that most intain, then? all life to come, one awful vision? Was this being, still "mysteriously here," as she was "there, mysteriously with God," knowing all her sorrow, all her remorseful pity for his fate? All anger, all reproach had left her heart. All the trouble he had brought into her hitherto cloudless life was forgotten in the tumultuous thoughts that crowded into those dark moments.

She struggled to her feet and for the first time in her innocent young life, looked furtively about, fearing to meet the eye of mortal, and with a scared heart she turned into the narrow footpath over which she had so often passed that even the chipmunk had learned her step, and peered at her with twinkling eyes as she joined her sweet songs to the trills of the birds.

Alas! alas! The echo would evermore be death! The once musical rustle of the dead leaves—a dirge! The subtle fragrance of the autumn woods would sicken as the deadly Upas tree! A faint cold fear thrilled thro' her veins that almost froze up the heart of life, at the blow which had felled the strong man seemed to her excited fancy even to have struck the sunlight from the heavens, and like the angry gnashing of teeth the lurid lightning sic-sagged athwart the brooding clouds. Thunder, deep as muttered curses, ever and anon drowned the wailing of the winds, as the trees clashed their branches and groaned dolefully to one another, and in frenzied manner rudely shook from them their last lingering leaves, while like a rain of bitter tears heavy drops fell upon the trembling girl, who in her terror was almost unconscious of the fury of the storm until she entered her room door, frailing her wet garments across the floor, and brushed away the dripping curls that clung heavily to her face.

For a moment she crouched helplessly before the fire smouldering upon the hearth, and then rising into action by a terrible thought, she hastily left the room, removed her wet clothing and concealed it; combed out the damp locks, and with a coarse towel rubbed her blanched cheeks, with a hope of restoring their color over and anon pressing down her eyelids to subdue the horrified expression that must surely reveal her dark secret. Oh never, never had that little rustic mirror reflected so sad an image! Could this be the same rosy, laughing girl who a few hours ago had stood before it, adjusting her hat, with its wreath of scarlet berries and maple leaves upon her golden brown curls, carrolling the while little snatches of song that bubbled up, from as blithe a heart as ever throbbed.

Returning to the room that she had first entered she examined the floor anxiously to see that no trace of wet garments was discernable, and then sat down upon a low stool and tried to think.

In vain she closed her eyes, they could still see the prostrate form over the cliff, and ringing in her ear was the cry of the man as he fell.

"And I must bear this burden through all my life! God grant it be a short one," she moaned.

She looked around the little room; the pretty mat-motif, that she had so lately called her friends together to assist her to make, and which she had thought would be a pleasant reminder, so long as it lasted, of their joyous faces and nimble fingers, was surely the same, and yet how changed! The bed in the corner with the "Star of Bethlehem" quilt, would it ever be a bed of rest again? The well-worn family Bible on the little stand, held it one word of comfort for her! Could blood wash out the stain of blood, oh sinless one of God?

The pictures swathed with autumn leaves, the ocean on the wall, made but yesterday of snow, still odorous of the woods. The high barked chair that she had this morning cushioned for d'ad father—her father! how should she, face him again? All, all, were surely the same; only she was changed! The grace of he the little room was not lost to her. The maple wreaths seemed dyed with blood. The coun but a symbol of the Crucifixion.

A step fell upon the gravel walk—her father's well-known step. She tugged her back to the door and idly stirred the dying embers. She had always met him with a kiss. What would he think now if she failed? She must go to him; she need not raise her eyes to his. Slowly she turned toward him and lifted her cold lips for the accustomed salutation, but she need not have feared that he would notice her agitation, for he was preoccupied. Drawing her down upon his knee, he said:

"My daughter, you know I told you that urgent business might any day call me to New York?"

"Yes father,"

"Well, here is the letter requesting my immediate presence, can you put my clothes together in a little while?"

"Yes, father;" again faltered the white lips, but the heavy-lidded eyes were not raised.

"You will eat something before you go father?"

"No, child, I am in too great haste; you know I must drive quite a distance before I reach the load. Uriah Mason will take me in his wagon, and I have asked Mehitable to come and stay with you until you hear from me. This is our first separation, daughter, and it wrings my heart to leave you—but you must be a brave little woman," said Mr. Lawrence, fondly smoothing the silken head, bowed over the little drawer, from which she was removing his clothing. He saw the tears dropping thick and fast, that she was trying so hard to hide; and lifting her in his arms he looked down with unutterable love into her sweet young face. She raised her eyes almost tearfully to his. Was he trying to read her secret? Did he suspect? But no, it could not be. The wood was dense and the hill shut off the view. No, surely, none but herself and God knew.

"I will try and do as you would wish me. Father, but I will be very lonely without you, father have mercy and take me too," she cried imploringly.

"Violet, my precious child, I cannot—would to God I could have you with me always, but it must not be. Cheer up little one, time flies."

With a great struggle Violet dried her tears and uttered no further moan. A wagon drove up to the door—one fond embrace—a sad farewell, and Mr. Lawrence rushed out into the blinding storm.

When Mehitable Moss came she found the poor girl lying across the bed with her face buried in the pillow in a perfect abandon of grief.

"Hoity, toity child, this'll never do to spile your pretty eyes in this way! What'll your sweetheart say?"

"Mehitable! don't talk so, you know I have no sweetheart," Violet said in an earnest manner, as if wishing to dismiss the subject instantly.

"Yes, you! but people will talk, you know, honey, and they do say Mr. Althon has a great hankerin' after a certain little blue-eyed girl that we won't mention."

At the sound of that name Violet sat upright and her rigid face and flashing eyes startled her companion as much as her words.

"Never speak his name to me again. Until he came I was a happy, happy girl. If he had never crossed my path I would not now be—" But Violet suddenly checked her words and closed her sentence with a moan.

"Well, well, honey, I didn't know you felt that way; most young girls would have been considerably set up with a city beau! He's proper good lookin', too, and p'raps rich. They do say he asks awful prices for his pictures; but the idea of his stayin' here all this while just to paint that old rickety, racking mill. Why, if a body wants to paint a mill at all, why don't he find one that's new and nice, and one that has a wheel that can be of some use, instead of this old broken thing, all slimed over with green. But I've heard my painters is all kind o' cracked, and I guess it's about true. But as I was agoin' on to say, brother and I've talked a heap about you and him, 'cause we were sure he'd set his heart on you, and you'd be like every other girl, I reckon, thinkin' 'twould be a mighty nice thing to be an old man's darling; not that he's so very old, either, except when we compare his age with yours, child; and somehow we've been mighty suspicious of him since. Well, I reckon I'll have to tell you honey, they do say that he has a wife already somewhere; tho' 'taint for me to say its true; it may be a slander! Burla, child, how pale you do look. I expect I'm talkin' too much, but I haven't spoken his name once since you told me not to, have I now? I've just said 'he' and 'him' and 'hisn' all the while. I'll just, howsomever, say one word more. I'm so afraid now, your father's gone, that he'll pester the life out of you. But, la, there you go again as if you'd seen a ghost. Let me make you some pennyroyal tea, you need bracin' up, I'm sure."

"No, thank you, Mehitable. I don't wish anything, but you are going to take your bonnet off and stay with me awhile, ain't you?"

"Why, yes, honey, to be sure. I'm going to be a father to you till your own comes back," said the good-hearted creature, as she carefully folded the long ribbons over her bonnet, and laid it away in the closet and paused a moment, woman-like, before the glass to smooth her hair. albeit that hair consisted of but a single wisp on the crown of her bare, shining head, as isolated from its neighbors as an island in an ocean, but, nevertheless, requiring quite as much care and ingenuity to dispose of it in a graceful curve, as to arrange the most luxuriant locks, and perhaps, too, it was a link that bound her to the far off time when her heart had its frit and frap days at the sound of a familiar step, and beneath the gray locks she doubtless less the shining brown that love's lip has pressed and hallowed.

The woman drew her chair close beside the bed, and became quite garrulous, hoping to win a smile from Violet, but, alas, her efforts were vain. The poor child had ceased to weep, but lay with folded hands and rigid face, a very picture of despair.

"I'a saker," exclaimed Mehitable, after fixing cast about in her mind for another topic, which she hoped would prove more successful. "I was just a lookin' at that album guilt, and well do I mind the day we were all invited here to attend the quilting; such lady wrote her name on the white pieces that Jim she sparge yes see. Your ma hadn't been married over a year, and she didn't know much about our homely ways, nor your father either, for that matter, and we used to often wonder how they happened to leave the city and come away out here, but it all leaked out somehow by and by. Your father, it seems, belonged to a rich old family, proud as Lucifer, and because he married a poor girl, but as true a lady as ever lived, his folks disowned him, and as he had a great talent for music, and had had every advantage and opportunity to learn it, and didn't know how to do anything else, he commenced teaching it, but he soon found it didn't pay very well, so he and his pretty girl wife moved out here, and I s'pose have never been sorry, for they prospered in basket and in store, and made hosts of friends. You never saw a little woman more chipper like than your mother was, always a singin', and she had one of the sweetest voices you ever heard, and your father, too, was a splendid singer, so they used to furnish all the music for our apple cuttin's and quiltin' bees. But as I was a sayin', you were not born when we all came to this perticker quiltin, but we knew you was expected, and we all did our best on this very quilt, in feather and shell work, and how we did shatter and laugh and hurry to get thro', so's to have it rolled up and put out of the way afore night, when the boanx were to come! I helped your ma get supper, and a nice one it was, too, of fried chicken and Sally Lunn, and the like, and then we washed up the dishes in a hurry, and we girls primped a little before that very glass, and then sat down to wait for our beaux. Ah—ye—we had a good time." And Mehitable's voice died away softly, as her thoughts went roaming back to the good time, and in fancy she was young again, and Artemus Lukens was whispering in her ear the old, old story, yet the one ever new and sweet, as they sat upon the stile to rest, after their walk through the field of stubble.

"Yes, those was good times," she resumed, with a half-smothered sigh, "not but what the times is just as good all along through life to them that love the Lord; some joys are gone forever, and so's last summer, but 'tain't no use, there won't be another summer just as pleasant!"

"Another summer! Ah me!" sighed Violet, and then raising herself upon her elbow, she said, earnestly, "Mehitable, do you think people can love the Lord and yet forget Him at some awful moment, and commit a fearful sin?"

"La, child, how do I know? Ask the minister; he'll be around bimebye; but what's this got to do with a quiltin' bee, any way?"

Violet sank back upon her pillow with a great sigh, almost a groan, and Mehitable was in despair; however, she resumed the thread of her story again: "And as I was a goin' on to say, after you came this same quilt was laid over you in your pretty mother's arms, in the very bed you're on now. And I remember the day, an early spring day, just as she was beginning to rit up, and you were lying across her lap, looking all around with your great big blue eyes, that your papa came in, and laid a handful of violets in your baby bosom, he had been to the woods to gather the first one, for he knew your mother loved them so, and she cried out, 'That's the color of baby's eyes—we will call her Violet.' And that is the way you came by your flower name, honey."

A loud sob—a wonder that seemed to shake the earth to its very center, stopped for awhile the garrulity of this well-meaning woman. By and by the kettle on the fire sang its homely little song, reminding Mehitable that it was time to lay the table for supper. She tried to tempt Violet with a cup of tea and dainty bit of toast, which the child made a sickly pretence of eating, in token of gratitude. As night closed in her nervousness increased and she paced the floor till midnight, then only consenting to lie down from fear of disturbing Mehitable. Finally from sheer exhaustion she fell asleep, if it be sleep, "the feverish tossing to and fro of her weary limbs that proves the soul does not share the body's rest." But very soon she started up with a wild cry, causing Mehitable to spring from the bed. She lit her candle and going to Violet's side found her in a chill of terror, the perspiration standing out in cold drops upon her forehead.

"La, child, what ugly dreams you're havin'. Spose I have the 'camnic burn'" said Mehitable, for in truth, such sudden outcries in the stilly night are not pleasant, even to the strong nerved, and she longed for her own sake as well as the poor girl's to see the day down, the day that was to be so eventful.

CHAPTER II.

Towards noontide the next day deep sleep overpowered Violet, banishing all sorrow and affording the only boon the wretched mind can find a momentary respite from. But when the first ray of the rosy morning sun stole thro' the curtained window the overpowering weight appeared and opened—upon which? A recollection rushed doubly dark by that short interval of hopelessness. As me! is not this waking from blissful sleep to the consciousness of some grief exactly our "sorrows crown of sorrow."

Then best been called oh, sleep, the friend of woe!

But lie the happy that have called thee so.

With a low moan Violet clasped her hands over her eyes, to shut out a fearful sight and then slowly arose from her bed and knelt as usual to thank God for past mercies, and to implore his protection and guidance, but the words were stayed upon her lips for the first time in her pure young life she felt reluctant, God seemed too far off and too holy to notice his child crying in the dark. Had He not promised to give His angels charge over me? Why then had He permitted that fatal deed that must make yesterday, to-day and forever a shame and a rep ouch to her and all who bore her name? Are not all things possible with Him? Why then had He not stayed that uplifted hand? She arose from her knees feeling that now indeed she had drifted out on a wide, wide sea.

The storm had had its sway and now left desolation in its track. Large trees that had withstood the blasts of many years were laid low. Dead leaves were hurled in all directions, some beaten down into the earth, others clung in little patches to the windows. Water rushed in muddy streams along the streets, filling the ruts by the roadside, but over all the sun shone as brightly as the though nosterm cloud had obscured its brilliancy, nor sin polluted the earth. Towards noon hasty footsteps ran up the gravel walk and Violet involuntarily drew her chair into a remote corner of the room as the widow Spiget entered almost breathlessly.

"Have a chair! you've been running?" said Mehitable smoothing down her apron and looking with inquiring and not altogether unpleasant eyes at the woman, who generally carried with her a rare dish of gossip.

"No, I can't stop a minute, I'm on my way to tell the Jamisons; it's the dreadfulest thing I ever heard of! That handsome paintin' fellow that we all thought was courtin' Violet, you know, what's his name? yes, Althon—well, he was thrown over the rocks yesterday and killed!"

"What throwed him, his horse?" cried Mehitable, raising her hands in horror, but seeing Violet's ashen face, she added—

"You might have had some consideration tho', for a lady's feelings, than to come here and blurt it out that way; here Violet, honey, take a drink."

Violet passively obeyed, feeling rather than seeing the relish of eyes fixed on her with affrighted suspicion. The woman's heart was touched with pity for the suffering girl, and she withheld further remark while in her presence, but as she left the room she winked for Mehitable to follow.

"They do say he was murdered," said the woman, in an awful whisper, as they stepped inside the door; somebody found his body, or at least what's left of it, for there was all cut of by logs so's his own mother wouldn't a knowed him?"

"Well, then, how do you know it was him?" asked Mehitable, incredulously.

"Why, by his clothes, and papers, and a note book, that were in his pockets."

"Who could have done such a thing? He must have tumbled over there himself! Like enough he was tryin' to paint some crooked old tree?"

"No, the worst of it is, the man that found him this morning, found Violet's handkerchief and a piece of green fringe on a briar bush that grown right on the cliff's."

"Mehitable, do you think a single one love the Lord and yet forget Him at some awful moment, and commit a fearful sin?"

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THE SURFACE OF FASHION.

BY RITA.

[illegible]

Fitful jests and rippling laughter
Trilling on the summer air;
Sudden glances, subtle charms—
Love-coquetting with despair.

So through light and shadow ranging,
Airy forms flit slowly by;
Life to them a dream unchanging,
Under summer's perfect sky.

Happy dreams and happy dreamers!
Let the season come and go,
Heedless of the storms of passion,
Thunder-charged with deeper woe.

Think the clouds are fringed forever
With the light on which you gaze;
Hearts and faces shadow'd never
By the pall of darker days.

Our Strange Visitor.

A Light House-Man's Story.

BY M. H.

It was a wild night in November. The wind raged and swept round the lighthouse in fitful gusts, driving the sand in showers against its wall. Below, the sea heaved, beating against the rocks with an ominous roar.

The sleet fell in blinding clouds, and not a star was to be seen in the heavens. All was dark, and naught was visible save when a cloud of spray dashed up in a white wreath against the beetling cliffs and the glare from our lantern gleamed fitfully on it.

I had just come down from my watch, and was thinking of turning in, congratulating myself that duty did not call me to go out on such a night, when, borne to me on the gale, came the sound of a cry—something between a shout for help and a cry of distress.

I listened. Could it be a boat in need of help? No, it came from landward. I listened again, but nothing farther caught my ear.

I tried to persuade myself that my imagination had deceived me, and that it was only the cry of some sea-bird that I had heard, or a more than ordinarily unearthly wailing of the wind. But, do what I could, I could not get over the feeling that the cry I had heard was of a human being in dire distress.

The feeling grew so strong that, at last, seizing a stout stick, and taking up a lantern, I prepared to face the gale, and make a search round about to landward.

I searched, wading through the sand-hills that lay behind us, stumbling over bushes and pieces of loose timber, half blinded by the drifting sand and sleet, but could find no one.

I was preparing to turn again after my fruitless hunt—wet through, bitterly cold, and tired out with battling against the storm,—when, as I got within a hundred yards of the light house, a man—gaunt, tall, wild, and dishevelled beyond description—advanced, or rather tottered towards me.

He stretched out his arms to me with an imploring gesture, and, uttering a half inarticulate cry, fell at my feet insensible.

I had my flask with me, and poured some brandy down the wretched man's throat, and when he was somewhat revived, guided him with great difficulty, and halting every few steps, to the lighthouse, and carried more than led him up to my quarters.

When the light fell upon him, I beheld one of the most fearful sights I have ever witnessed. The man before me was almost a skeleton, the skin seemed scarcely to cover his high cheek bones, his hair hung over his forehead in unkempt locks, and the lower part of his face was covered by a beard of a fortnight's growth.

The few garments he had on hung in rags, and his feet and head were bare.

He cowered by the fire without uttering a word, whilst I went to get food and drink for him; his eyes wandered restlessly and suspiciously round, and I half feared I had picked up some escaped maniac.

He ate ravenously, as a man eats who has not tasted food for many hours, or maybe, for three days, and then sat gazing into the fire again without a word.

"Well, mate," said I, "and how do you feel now?"

He started, passed his hand over his forehead, and for a reply burst into a passion of tears and sobs. I was dumbfounded.

"Come, come, mate, don't take on—the worst's over now. You're safe with us, and will be strong and hearty enough in a few day's time; but it's been nigh too much for you this time—eh?" I said at length.

"Ay, indeed," he muttered; "I could not have held out another night in this weather. I owe you my life," he added, after a moment's pause—"I owe you my life," and these words he repeated several times very slowly, and with his great hollow eyes staring vacantly before him.

"Queer chap this," I thought. "The world's been too hard for him, I fancy."

"Well, mate," I continued, in a cheerful voice, "it's full time we should turn in; here's a shake-down for you."

"What, can I stop here to-night?" he interrupted, in a tone of surprise.

"Why, friend," said I, astonished in my turn, "I wouldn't turn a dog out of doors such a night as this, let alone a fellow creature. Stay, and you're welcome. You'd best bide with us till you're a bit hearty again, for it's but poorly you look"—and I gave a pitying glance at his emaciated face, and great hollow, sunken eyes.

He moved uneasily on his seat.

"Can I stop safely? I mean will any one come? Are you expecting any one?" and he eyed me keenly.

"No one," said I, with a laugh. "Why, in weather like this, we're cut off from the mainland sometimes for days."

He nodded, and looked more satisfied, and muttered a few words to himself, which I didn't catch.

"Queer customer," I thought; and taking an old mattrass from beneath my bed, I gave it to him, together with one of my blankets, to make a bed with, and then turned in myself.

I didn't go to sleep at once, however.

I wanted to keep an eye on my strange guest for a bit.

He rolled himself quickly in the blanket and lay down before the fire, and in a few minutes seemed to be fast asleep, and I was just dozing off, when, with a cry of terror, he started from the ground.

"Mercy, mercy! don't touch me!" he cried.

Then, with a shivering sigh, he covered his face with his hand.

"Blood, blood, blood!" he muttered.

"Hallo, mate!" cried I. "Nightmare, I guess. Wake up!"

The sound of my voice aroused him; and looking curiously round the room, mumbling a few broken excuses, he arranged his blanket again and settled himself to sleep, and I did the same.

When I woke for my watch, my curious visitor was still wrapped in his blanket, and seemed to be slumbering as peacefully as might be, before the dying embers of the fire.

I looked at his face—the face of a man of about forty, or maybe, a year or two less; he was so [illegible] I couldn't say exactly.

His hands were long, thin and white, and the nails smooth and polished; not the hands of a working man, I thought. No; more like the hands of a gentleman, and his features were regular and refined.

As I gazed, he turned, and murmured a few words, and a look of terror passed over his face, then died away, and I left him sleeping peacefully.

Well, two or three days passed over. The gale had spent itself, but the weather was still unsettled, and we were on the lookout for more storms.

No human being, except our waif, had come near us for more than a fortnight; and, for all we knew of what had taken place in the world during that time, England might have become a republic, or France a monarchy again.

I had striven to make friends with our guest and to find out what sort of a fellow he might be; but I found that, at the end of three days, I knew him no better than I did on the first, he was so cautious and reserved.

I began to think that he was really a bit queer in his head, his ways were so strange.

He would sit all day long by the fire, never stirring, eating but little, and talking less, but muttering uneasily to himself at times; and, if the door opened suddenly, or an unexpected noise were heard, starting with a look of terror painful to behold.

For the rest he was quiet and inoffensive; yet, on the whole, I could not like him.

I distrusted his wavering, wandering eyes. He never looked one straight in the face; and this made me think he might be a bit out of his mind. But when I said this to my mate, he shook his head, and ejaculated, "Look out for yourself, Tom!"

At last the weather settled down, and our visitor showed signs of thinking of a move; only I couldn't let him go forth in the rags I had found him in. So Will (my mate) and I set him up in clothes of our own, such as they were.

And when he had trimmed his beard a bit he didn't look so shabby. The day before he was to leave us, an old man who brought us our letters and odds and ends from the nearest town when the weather permitted, arrived.

Old Jim brought us a good budget this time, and, as usual, came in to have a chat and smoke a pipe or two.

"What news, Jim?" said Bill.

"News? Why, not much; only Alice Groves"—pretty Alice we called her—"has been murdered!" replied he.

"Murdered! How?—when?" we cried.

"Ay, by her sweetheart, they do say; though, if he were her sweetheart, they kept their secret pretty close. I see 'em, though, together once or twice. A fine gentleman he were; too fine for an honest girl's sweetheart, I was thinking. But no one knows for sure who did it. Poor little Alice! I mind when she were a little thing, how she'd come a-trotting after my cart, and saying, 'Take me up a bit, old Jim, and I'll give ye a posy;' and now she be's a lying there in the churchyard with a wound an inch deep in her bosom.

"Douglas Crofts, he were her sweetheart, a traveller for a large London business—jewelry and silk, and such like, for the women-folk. He were a fine-looking chap, too, I mind, and twice last summer I heard he were down at Halcomb, staying at the 'White Horse,' and 'twas at Jim Anson's, the miller's, Alice met him, and they soon became friends, worse luck.

"But it's all in the papers here, better nor I can tell it. Take and read it. I'm no scholar. Ah, who's this?" said Jim, as our guest entered.

Seeing a stranger, the terrified look I had so often noticed passed over his face, and he drew back hastily, but Will shouted, "Come in, friend, it is only Jim;" and he entered unwillingly, shading his eyes with his hand, and looking Jim over from head to foot suspiciously.

Now, Jim looks more foolish than he is.

I saw him taking stock of our visitor when he thought we wer'nt noticing him, but I never thought anything of it.

The man was so queer, I thought it natural Jim should look at him.

Suddenly Jim rose, saying, "Well, I must be off to town again. Good day, mates."

"Off so soon, Jim? Can't you stay and have a talk and another pipe, man?" said Bill.

"No time to-day, friend; I've business," and old Jim trotted off, and Bill after him, and I had to go up and clean the reflectors, and it was'nt till supper-time we met together again.

Our visitor was more odd and disturbed than usual that night. He sat quite silent, hardly answering the questions we put to him; and, after we had taken our food, he would have left the place.

But Bill said, "Let's read about the murder Jim told us of."

He opened the newspaper.

I looked at our visitor, and saw him drop like a lump of lead into a chair.

I felt uncomfortable. I didn't know why.

"Well, where is it? Begin, Will," said I. "You read best. Read it out, man."

"Ay, ay," said he; "here it is. 'Shocking murder. Fifty pounds reward for the apprehension of the murderer.'"

I glanced across at our guest, who had made a slight movement. His eyes were fixed on Will's face with a look of terror I shall never forget.

"The village of Halcomb," began Will, "has been the scene of a foul and terrible crime, the victim being Alice Groves, the daughter of the parish clerk, a girl well known through the country for her beauty, and much respected and beloved in the village. The motive is unknown. The perpetrator is undiscovered; but strong suspicion rests on one Douglas Crofts, who is supposed to have left the country, but in whose company Alice Groves was seen a day or two before her body was discovered in the pond known as the Black ——."

Here Will let the paper drop.

I looked at our guest. His eyes, widely dilated, were fixed on Will, and he seemed to drink in every word of the tale.

"Go on," he muttered, in a hoarse whisper, as Will took up the paper; "go on. They found the body in the Black Pool."

"Yes, yes," said Will, turning over the paper; "where is it? Yes, in the Black Pool—I know the place—'with a fearful wound in the breast. The corpse presented a shocking spectacle. All traces of Douglas Crofts are lost. He is a tall man, from 30 to 34 years of age, with black hair and whiskers, gray eyes and regular features. A reward of fifty pounds is offered for his apprehension. Jealousy is supposed to be the motive for the crime.'"

"The brute!" said I, with an oath; "If I could lay hands on him he'd have a bad time of it."

"Or if I could either," returned Will; "to serve a bonny good girl so."

"The blackguard!" I continued. "Poor little Alice!"

"Well, here's some more," said Will.

Our visitor looked up with a start.

"Well, read on, old chap," said I.

"Ay, ay; but let's find the place again. Ah! here we be! 'Latest Intelligence. The police have discovered a clue to the whereabouts of Douglas Crofts, whom there now seems little cause to doubt is the murderer, and ——'"

Here our visitor rose suddenly with an exclamation, took a few steps towards the door, stopped irresolutely, and then, with great drops of perspiration running down his brow, said to Will, "Go on; why keep a man in suspense?"

"Why, mate," said Bill, looking at him in surprise, "I didn't know as how you'd take such an interest in this affair. As for Tom and me, why we've known the poor girl, child and maid, and are keen about it. Here, take the paper, and read for yourself, then."

He snatched it, and with avidity devoured the contents.

I watched him—a slow suspicion taking hold of me.

"The police on his traces? How did they find out, I wonder," said he, half to himself. "More than a fortnight ago. No, I don't believe they ever will; no."

"No? And why not?" said I.

He looked at me suspiciously, then forcing a ghastly laugh, replied, "Oh, they never do find out things now."

"Hum! Well I don't know that," I replied, filling my pipe. "Sometimes a very little thing leads to discovery. I remember, when I was a boy, a fellow being traced just by his having a limp, and his left boot being made a bit different to his right. In another case—one rather like this, by the way, only she was a grown woman and a mother, not a girl—she clutched so hard at the murderer's coat, that a wee bit was left of the cloth in her grasp, and that led to the identification of the murderer, and ——"

"Stop your memories," interrupted the man, angrily, and then changing his tone, added, "I remember—oh, yes, I remember it all!" and his face resumed its usual expression of dull preoccupation.

I gazed at him in astonishment. Yes, certainly, our visitor was a very queer party.

I didn't half like him—who could he be?

I wondered how he ever come here?—why had he never told us anything of his past history?

I think some such ideas struck Bill, too, for I saw him looking sternly and inquiringly at the scared being before us. We exchanged glances, but gave no words to our suspicions.

After perusing the account of poor Alice's death several times, the man laid the paper on the table, and sat staring vacantly at the fire, with a strange quiver in his features. I determined not to lose sight of him that night; he looked so wild, so devilish, I doubted he might do either us or himself a mischief.

The wind began to rise again; we seemed likely to have another wild night of it; and this seemed to decide our guest, who gave up his intention of leaving us, and settled himself in the chimney corner, as was his wont, for the evening.

Will took up the paper again, and I began to write a letter, and was soon absorbed in my occupation, when words from our visitor aroused us.

He had fallen asleep by the fire, and in his dreams he muttered, "Alice, Alice! you were false—false—false! You must come with me now—with me, I tell you. Ah!"

[illegible]

"STILL SEARCHING."

THE WORDS OF MR. ROSS, FATHER OF LOST CHARLIE.

There stretches deep and far,
The restless ocean's wide domain,
Its crest wears foam in many a wreath,
As cruel waves dash in;
Its hollow caverns
Fill hard sands of many a
For a little child,
Still searching are they, there!

Where rises battlements
Of purple hued, prism crowned,
Where solemn silence reigns
Save when the mountain falls,
Where avalanches sweep
Hot from the caves of ice,
Amid the realms of day,
Amid the realms of night,
Still searching, searching, they!

Where from prairie beehives,
Chance hived honey oozes down,
Where from city gardens
Come sounds of children's laughter,
Mid the northern moonshine
On Texas' swamp shore,
Their disturbed eyes are seeking,
Still searching, ever seek.

Many hearts are throbbing
For those that beat with pain,
Many hearts have ceased
Their fall to earth again;
Oh! the weary throbbing,
Breeding thoughts of ill!
No escape with him who toils,
"Still searching, searching still!"

LAURA L. REED.

July 10, 1877.

One Man's Love.

BY FANNIE A. HALL ALDEN.

Iona Burrel sat upon the low step of the dining room door during this peace. It was a pretty picture to look upon. The grand old farmhouse with its high-peaked roof and gables surrounded by sheltering maple and fruit trees laden with growing richness; the girl at the door in her pink muslin frock and snowy apron, bright head thoughtfully bent, and a pink to the neatly-made muslin frock she wore, and slender brown hands rapidly transferring the plump marrowfats from their soft green coverings to the shining tin pail at her side. She was a very, very still that fair July morning. Scarcely a breath stirred the glossy leaves of the maples. There was no sound save the low humming of the bees as they wandered around their hives ranged in a row under the heart-cherry trees that stood inside the well-kept garden fence; the lowing of cattle in the noted pasture, and the steady tick, tick, of the clock in the dining room.

Iona's face wore a troubled expression. There was an unrestful look in the clear grey eyes, and a nervous twitching of the little hands that told of a mind ill at ease.

"What's the matter, Onie? You look as if you were trying to work a problem out of those pea-pods," said a fine looking young man who has been standing on the little back gate in the shadow of the maples, watching the busy fingers of the little girl, stepped to her side.

"Why, John! How you frightened me!" cried the girl, as she sprang to her feet after a start by which she nearly upset her pail of freshly shelled peas. "Where in the world have you sprung from?"—looking curiously at him as he stood before her in his shirt sleeves, fanning himself with a broad-brimmed straw hat.

"Where you used to seem surprised at seeing me, Onie," said the young man reproachfully.

Onie Burrel gave the speaker a side-glance, and her cheeks flushed a shade redder as she bent over her work.

"You forgot that I am a young lady, now, John," replied the girl. "Only think, I am eighteen to-day! and Dr. Russet is coming this afternoon to drive me over to their house to the croquet party. Have you an invitation?"

"Yes, I've got what is called, and lurked one with a sigh.

"You will go, of course?"

Iona's face was still bowed over her pan, the old cloth with the mustached lip quiver, as John Allinson replied, quietly:

"I think not, Onie."

"Why?" abruptly.

"Because the little girl at whose side I have always been when her birth-day rolled around, has grown weary of the attentions of her brother-friend and turns to other and gayer beaux for amusement. Is it not so?"

Iona's gray eyes flashed.

"I can't see what right you have to question me in this style, John Allison. You have been like a brother to me since I was a wee, wee girl, I know; but I would not brook even a brother's interference in my present mood."

"I have no wish to interfere, Onie. For awhile I could not do so. But you will let me take the place of the brother you never had, and give me a sister's confidence, will you not?"

"I have always done that, John," replied Iona, in a subdued voice. "But you know I have a strong will of my own; and while I may be guided in a matter of right, I will not be driven. I obey my parents in every thing. I shall never receive the attentions of any one contrary to their wishes, and yet I must qualify the question of obedience to my parental authority by saying I will not exert myself to entertain any gentleman I dislike."

It was John Allison's turn to flush, now. He stopped and looked down upon the indignant face.

"Is it so bad as that, Onie? "I did not know you disliked me. I have seen your preference for young Russet, and recognized his worthiness; still I never dreamed that your indifference to me was based on personal dislike."

"I never said I disliked you, John," and Iona raised a pair of surprised eyes to his face.

Then in the name of goodness, what do you mean," he exclaimed.

"I mean that I dislike some other people," replied the girl.

"Iona Burrel, what are you thinking about? It's scarcely eleven o'clock and the peas aren't on!" cried an impatient voice from the kitchen.

"I'll have them on in a moment, mother," replied Iona, rising hastily.

"Not until you have answered a question, Onie," said John, gently detaining her. "Mother and father of the old home is lonely without a loving daughter to brighten it with her sunny face and smile, and think it's about time I was bringing them one."

"Well?" hoskily.

"I think so too, Onie."

"Then do get married, John, I'm sure I'd be glad to see you happy in the love of a good wife. But you'll have to tell me about it some other time, because we have work to do to-day, and if dinner is late, father will scold."

"No he won't, Onie. Wait!"—catching her sleeve, as with a laugh, she turned toward the house.

"Don't you love me a little? Won't you be my wife?"

"Why you wouldn't please me, John. I think I've said 'no' often enough. Just see how you've torn my sleeve!" she pouted.

"I'm sorry about the sleeve, Onie, and also sorry that I've 'plagued' you. I will take care not to do so again."

"You're not angry, John?" Onie held out a plump brown hand.

"No, not angry, Onie. But when a man has watched and loved a girl from infancy; living in hope of making her his very own some day, it is a harsh waking up to find, at the end, that he has hoped in vain."

"I have never encouraged your hope, John."

"I know it, child. Well, God knows best, and the old home must be a daughterless one to my aged parents as well as a wifeless one to me."

As he spoke, John Allison drew his hat down over his clear blue eyes from which the joyous light seemed to have died out, and Iona stood quite still for a moment, watching his tall figure until it was hidden from her view by the trees and shrubbery. Then picking up her basket of hulls she passed into the warm kitchen where her mother and the hired girl, Malinda, were preparing the noon meal.

"Land sakes! Don't put the peas in that pot, child—them's the string beans!" And the smiling Huldah took possession of the pan that had so narrowly escaped spoiling, and gave her young mistress a good-humored push.

"Girls with beaus haven't no business in the kitchen, no way. They're just as likely to sugar the butter and salt the pies as they are to thrive. If Iona didn't give him to me for a son-in-law. But suppose—"

"Mother!" cried Iona, beseechingly.

Mrs. Burrel laughed.

"Well, child, as Harry is the favored one, I hope you may have a pleasant drive this afternoon."

"Pshaw, mother; I'm not going with him," scornfully.

"Not going to drive with Harry Emmons to Mr. Russet's? Why, I am sure I understood father to say—"

"Father doesn't know anything about it, mother. He has taken a wonderful fancy to Harry, all of a sudden; but I haven't anything to do with that. I pity the girl Harry Emmons marries. She'll have little sorrow to call her anyhow, and it would be unendurable as the wife of such a selfish pumpkin as he is."

"Iona! I always thought Harry a Christian, at any rate. I'll admit that he has a temper."

"Homely is a tame expression, mother. But I don't care about the looks. Its the man that interests me always, and I confess I never saw Harry Emmons in a position to attract my attention. As to being a Christian; why, I hope he is. But if you are right about that, mother, then there cannot be a more striking contrast existing in the world, and I hope I prefer the sort personified by—I know who!" and tenderly kissing her mother's cheek. Iona ran out in the yard to throw the peas and swung in the gate just as Farmer Burrel and promptly the dew-bended harvesters heard its cheerful notes ringing out the summons to dinner.

Farmer Burrel had seemed rather low spirited of late. His men remarked it, and it was doubly evident to the "women folks" at the house. Usually smiling and cheery; always satisfied with everything, save a late dinner when he had hands at work; he, Mrs. Burrel and Huldah looked at each other in silent dismay when they heard his voice in sharp tones bidding Iona "go into the house and hold your tongue!"

Later in the day, on coming in the house and finding that Iona had driven out with young Emmons, the farmer was nearer enraged than his wife had ever seen him.

"The girl is crazy!" he exclaimed. "Does she want to ruin me?"

"Ruin you, father?" wonderingly questioned his wife. "I do not understand."

"Of course not. Some women never understand any matter that involves money. You'll let the girl marry Hal Russet to-morrow night if he happens to want her. I'm fleeced to Huldah looked at each other in silent dismay when they heard his voice in sharp tones bidding Iona "go into the house and hold your tongue!"

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"Husband!" Little Mrs. Burrel dropped the the mossy tea towel with which she had been polishing a goblet, and stood with wide-open eyes regarding her husband as he sat, his chair tilted back against the dining room door, whistling.

"He's a fact. When I bought that piece of land adjoining, I gave a mortgage note, as you can neither pay it or have it renewed, except on conditions," and farmer Burrel groaned.

"Samuel, who holds that mortrage? I think you told me it had been transferred to?"

"Harry Emmons?"

"Now, I understand. My poor Iona.

"Well, what objections have you to Emmons, wife? He's a thrifty, industrious fellow, and a church member in good standing;" urged the farmer.

"But possessed of no principle, as your own words show. However, Samuel, that's neither here nor there. Iona despises him."

"I can't help that?" replied the farmer, gruffly.

"She's child and owes me dutiful regard. Marry Emmons she must if she loves me not."

Mrs. Burrel said no more. Words were only wasted on Farmer Burrel at such a time, and his gentle wife trusted that sleep would bring about a better state of affairs for Iona. But she was mistaken. A remark dropped by Iona in her father's presence, was sufficient to hasten his plans for her marriage with Emmons, and one evening after the girl had gone into the moonlight with pale face, and a heart torn by conflicting emotions—love for Robert Russett and duty to her aged parents. She held her hand so that the light from the window fell upon the plain gold band that encircled her finger—Robert's betrothal ring. And then hot tears forced their way to the proud eyes, and flinging herself upon the grass, Iona gave free vent to her grief. She loved—nay, even adored—her father, and, heretofore his slightest wish had been a law of love to her. But now the poor girl realized that the old home must be given up, a great spot in her heart, and the only feeling that kept her from open rebellion was a stern sense of right.

"I must be so, Robert," she had said, with a strange, unnatural calmness that cut her lover to the heart. "My father and mother are old and unable to work now. They have loved and cared for me all these years, and it would be but a poor return for that kindness should their only child refuse. When she has it in her power to save them from poverty."

"But Iona think what you are doing in sacrificing yourself, and blotting out my hopes of a blissful life with you, all to satisfy your father's selfishness. It's outrageous!"

"Robert!"

"Forgive me if I speak in disrespectful terms of your father, darling. I can't help my agony at the bare thought of losing you. Harry Emmons, indeed! The sneaking puppy, to make use of a little money'd power over a father in order to gain possession of the daughter's hand!—There's not a spark of manhood about him."

"Have a care how you talk about my future lord and master, Robert—" with a bitter smile.

"Do you want to drive me mad, Iona? If you do just continue in that strain!"

"I want to put an end to this interview, Robert. It is doing neither of us any good, and only protracts our pain. Mr. Emmons is coming to-night for my answer, and you said I must not meet again save as strangers."

"Onie,"—there was a world of pleading in the brown eyes that searched her face for some sign of relenting. "Am I to understand that you have decided in Emmon's favor?"

"Yes, Robert; I have so decided." The young girl raised her clear eyes unflinchingly to meet the look almost stern in its great grief, of the man she loved. The two gazed at each other for a moment—oh! such a moment—in silence. "May God forgive you, and curse him!" Robert broke out fiercely. There was no reply; only a wringing of hands, and then Iona walked slowly up the orchard path to the farm-house alone.

Harry Emmons met her at the little back gate. He was a tall, dark-looking man, and as he held open the gate for her to enter, with a smile that seemed almost satanic in its expression of triumph, the poor girl shuddered and her heart fluttered for a moment, as though she would turn and flee.

"Have you had a pleasant walk, Miss Iona?"

Her harshly those disagreeable tones grated on Iona's ear. "You were alone, I presume; were you not? I am very anxious about the safety of my hoped-for bride?"

The girl's lip curled.

"Do not trouble yourself in regard to my safety, Mr. Emmons. As yet I am free from all danger."

John Allison in a good fellow. I shouldn't wonder if Iona didn't give him to me for a son-in-law. But suppose—"

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LONG BRANCH.

I LONG BRANCH, July 30, 1877.

And the races are over. As they began in enthusiasm and noise so did they close. It is three weeks ago to-day since Conover dropped the flag for the start in the inaugural race of the season. The horses dashed under the wire and everybody said, the race was a fine one. Everybody, likewise, prophesied a successful meeting, and the hopes and prognostications have all been realized. The season of 1877 shall be written in the archives of Monmouth Park in golden letters. I shall not estimate that there was single dishonest or unfair in the horse-races run over those fine courses, but I feel constrained to mention that since the reins of government have been held in the hands of the Kentucky gentlemen who are now at its head, the Monmouth Running Association has leaped to the highest round of popularity. The races have been better, the betting and pool-selling more animated, yet more orderly, and as the management presided has been given to quality, the whole affair has become a noticeable feature. Why every racing day this season has begun at a late day at the Branch! The grand stand was filled with beauty and fashion, the pavilions at the Royal tournaments of the Middle Ages, where beauty was wont to preside to watch the contests. Every day the ladies' portion of the stand was crowded, and take my word for it, the ladies generally understand the points of a horse quite as well as the men, and their judgment is rather in the main correct. I would defy Mosely to censure them, the fair ones of the stand, in the sweetly,

"Oh! when the angels trumpet,
Max calls their sin a virtue."

The ride from the Branch out in the track is such a pleasant one that I think it a pity that is one passes for such a large amusement. Chesley Leland's steam dummy line runs from the depot over the track for each day. Of late it has grown more like unto the race courses in England, which is a change for the better, for in the beginning of our horse-racing in America is best off when she imitates her older sister across the water. The closing day of the July meeting, by all odds was the best one ever known on the Fourth. The attendance was excellent. The western portion of the Long Branch population seemed, on that occasion, to be out en masse. The fashionable

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SATURDAY EVENING, JULY 29, 1877.

FIFTY-SEVENTH VOLUME.

With the present number the Post enters upon its fifty-seventh volume, and on the fourth of August next it will begin the fifty-seventh year of its existence as a journal. Founded in 1821, it is "the oldest literary and family paper in the United States," and from its earliest issue it has steadily maintained an enviable reputation for purity of tone and purity of editorial conduct. To its columns the best writers of the day have contributed, and it has published a number of romances that are now famous. To show the unvarying popularity of the Post it is only necessary to state that many of its original subscribers still take it, having renewed their subscriptions year after year since 1821.

During its lengthy career, which is in itself an astonishing example of journalistic vitality, the Post has seen numerous rivals, more or less pretentious, rise and fall, and has continued the even tenor of its way, undisturbed by wars and civil crises. In her ever been the aim of its proprietors to avoid, as much as possible, the sensational literature, and to give its patrons only that sound and beautiful reading-matter which is as much the blessing of the home circle as the reverse is the bane. The Post has never pandered to vitiated taste, and its record in this respect cannot be disputed, for a high and unexceptionable standard in fiction has been its unalterable motto.

Since it passed into the hands of its present management the Post, without abandoning any of its time-honored features, has been steadily improved both in appearance and contents. Our first step on assuming control, was to increase the size of the paper from forty-eight to fifty-six columns. The columns were also widened and lengthened. Thus a large amount of additional reading-matter was gained by the enlargement, while the subscription rates were not raised, notwithstanding the increased expense. We added new departments, brightened up the old ones, and obtained the services of many new contributors, all of whom are practiced and cultured writers. But notwithstanding all these manifest improvements, which have been largely commended both by the press and private individuals, we propose taking further steps in advance in order that the Post may be rendered still more attractive and popular.

In conclusion, we would say that the prospects of the paper were never brighter than at present, and that the initial number of the fifty-seventh volume, which we issue to-day, may be taken as an earnest of what it is our aim to do in the near future.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

This great writer, who is better known by the mass of readers as the "English Opium-eater," and who has been more widely read through his "Confessions" than through the medium of superior productions of his pen, may be looked upon as one of the finest, if not the finest, writers of English prose since the time of John Milton.

There has been no author who has united such masculine strength of diction and style, such wonderful scholarship and originality of poetic imagery, since Milton's time as the grand political invectives. De Quincey has suffered in this age, through the tendency of certain critics, often him as a would-be humorist, and a nondescript him for alleged failure in any particular branch. Now, De Quincey was not a humorist in the strict sense of the word. His humor has been misconstrued by acute critics as "grotesque," and probably this word expresses it exactly.

He was not a man of sparkle and wit, as was and a Douglas Jerrold or even a Sydney Smith, or a great caricaturist as Hollon. His fun is always very quiet, and yet it is delightful fun, and is never loud and most scholarly kind. Take some bench upon a serious topic and, after indulging in such a weird play of ideas as to set one smiling.

Take his essay on "China," he gives a description of the whole question of the opium trade between England with as Chinese, and in the middle of it all he finds, for logic it certainly is not, some quite serious in a way to the effect which human

produces on the reader. In his magnificent essay (it should be called a poem) on the "Life of Joan of Arc," he dilates in gorgeous prose, his eloquent periods, here and there, with the strangest sort of fun and chatter. In his acute dissertation on "Political Economy," he illustrates his dry subject in a novel and entertaining way, and inculcates his ideas by a varied fusilade of witticisms. Yet he is not strictly a humorist, his mission is far higher.

We advise every one of our readers to enjoy the good common sense, the irony, the life, the poetry and the abundant moral of his famous "Murder Considered as One of the Fine Arts." This is a masterpiece. As a specimen of pure English composition it has never been surpassed. It is as a hieroglyphic, a sacred proof, who shows the choicest secrets that lie hid beyond the veil of the Sieklinah, as a marvellous dreamer, as a soothsayer speaking a weird language about occult things, that Thomas De Quincey is an anomalous and wonderful writer.

His opium habit may and may not have induced this bent of his genius. It is hardly to be considered that the slumberous drug did anything more than intensify his splendid faculty which opium has in itself no power to create thoughts, or form styles, or penetrate chaos and magician-like restore order and harmony.

De Quincey, whose temperament, schooled in early hardships and sufferings, was entirely passive, was probably unconsciously, through the morbid influences of the oriental opiate, made to yield all its power of inducing meditation and reflection and to bend his mind in the direction of dreams. It is well for literature that he did so; otherwise we might have lost the sweetest day-dreamer in the realm of genius; one who has instructed and delighted; one who has wrought the richest arabesque of thought and imagination into an immortal tapestry; one who, though at present in our empirical age but little understood, will be fully interpreted and appreciated, yea, and even venerated by the scholars and thinkers of the future, who will enshrine Thomas De Quincey as the chief and most artistic prose writer of the nineteenth century.

OUR SANCTUM CHAT.

Now is pre-eminently the season for pedestrian excursions and camping out. The hot condition of the decade of June is suitable, and the soil covered with a verdant carpet that is admirably fitted to save the tramping feet from too much weariness. Of course, the younger people take mostly to these pleasures, and as they are, to a greater or less extent, thoughtless and inexperienced, we propose to devote our benefit a few words of salutary advice from the Baltimore Telegraph: "The first thing to be done in planning a gypsy trip is to choose the kind of country and the season you can enjoy most out. Then decide whether to tramp with your baggage on your own back, or to be drawn in a horse-wagon, whether to camp in one spot or move from place to place, and how much to spend much money or little. It must be taken for granted that the company is made up of good-humored persons, that maps of the route have been studied thoroughly, that the leader's word is law, and that each comrade will put up his own wishes and comfort for the good of all. The captain will try to set each man at the work he can best do. At first, things may not run smoothly; but, in a day or two, everybody will have found his place, and will have learned to do his own "chores" first, and then help, rather than find fault with, his comrades. It will be safer on a first tramp to choose a country fairly well settled, and in any case, a company setting out to cook its own meals and do its own work, must be sure that food can be bought along the route. This is a rare chance to wear out old outer clothes before throwing them away. Long, loose woolen shirts, with collar-bands of silesia on which separate woolen collars can be buttoned, are the best; wear one, and carry one or two more, for change and to wear double in cold spells. Use loose woollen drawers, worn inside out to keep the seams from chafing you, and shoes that lace up well above the ankles and have been thoroughly treated with neat's foot oil. Let them have iron, not steel nails. Use false collars, if you like, and wear socks or stockings of wool or merino rather than of cotton. Pantaloons should be loose, high at the waist, and of rather heavy cloth. If you have been in the habit of wearing suspenders, don't leave them off now; you can hide them very well by passing them through holes cut low down in the outside shirt. Wear what you please, if it be comfortable and will last, and do not be over-nice in what people say. Don't try to carry more than twenty pounds apiece, or to go more than ten miles a day on foot. This is fully hard enough work if you wish to enjoy yourself without risk of illness. You will find the roll better than the knapsack in the long run, and it is lighter by at least two pounds and a half. To make the roll, lay out the blanket flat, and roll it as tightly as possible without folding it; putting the other baggage as you roll; tie it in several places, to prevent unrolling and the shifting of the things inside, and tie or strap the ends together. Wear the rings thus made over the right shoulder. You may find it better to fold the rubber blanket about the roll, or roll it by itself so as to carry it linked in the other roll; you may need it before camping, and will thus save undoing the big roll. The roll is easier to carry than the knapsack, and is readily shifted from shoulder to shoulder or taken off; then, too, you can ease the burden a little with your hand. Besides this, you save carrying the weight of the knapsack. But, if you take a knapsack, let it have broad straps. A haversack of course you must have. Besides a rubber blanket, half a shelter tent, and ropes, you must have a good stout woollen blanket, with a lining sewed to it along one side, buttoned on at the ends and other side. You can dry it when wet, better than if it were sewed all around. You can do a great deal of good cooking with a frying pan and a coffee pot, after a little experience. Have a coffee pot with a lid on a handle, and with a lip rather than with a spout. You will have to guard the food you carry from rain, fog, dew, rats, dogs and insects, and you will find it best to clean your cooking utensils at once after every time you make use of them. Start a short time after breakfast, while the day is yet young and cool, but don't hurry or work hard at it. On the march, it is well to rest often for short spells, say ten minutes out of every hour. Drink good water as often as you feel thirsty, only don't take large draughts of cold water when you are heated, and bear in mind that often you can stop thirst by merely rinsing the mouth with water, and not swallowing any water. Never sit still in wet clothes or shoes; don't bathe after eating or when warm; while marching, wet your face and hands before drinking. Put your feet in cold water, in the morning, but don't let the water trickle about your ears; always have something to eat along with you—and a little small change. Be polite to everybody you meet, and ask as many proper questions as you choose. By pursuing this advice you will certainly enjoy your tramp."

For some unknown reason the Society of Friends has received somewhat of an impetus of late in England, and its numbers, which have for years past been constantly thinning out there, have been perceptibly recruited. There are 14,461 persons in England members of the Society. Last year they numbered 14,255, so that they have slightly increased. Of 95 members who married last year, 49 were united to persons not belonging to their society, and these mixed marriages are probably not favorable to the perpetuation of Quakerdom. There is one fact worthy of note respecting Quakers, namely, that they are a long-lived race. The rate of mortality among them is remarkably low—only 17 per 1,000 for the past year.

LITERARY NOTES.

Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, of this city, have issued as the fifth volume of their "Dollar Series," "Self Love, or The Afternoon of Single Life," by the author of "Jealousy" and "False Pride," and appears anonymously. It is a book for young ladies and gentlemen, and contains the experience of single life, married life and middle age. Its chapters treat of many subjects, among them of "The Wish to be Loved," "Self Love," "Jealousy," "Vanity," "Love," "Faith," "Self Conquest," "Servants," "Embarrassment," "Fretting over Trouble," "Follies," "Liberty," "Leaving us and Home," "Duties of Position," "Ideas of Fashion," "Old Maids," "Good Matches," "Sorrows of Loneliness," "Woman's Power," "Beauty and Happiness," "Instinct," "Original Sin," "Trials of Life," "Vanity," "Delusions," "Consequences of Trifling Neglects," "Timid Indications," "The Feeling of Isolation," "The Love of God," "Divine Fellowship," "The Unwise Companion," "Afflicted but not Forsaken," "Reconstruction," "Single and Married Life Contrasted," "Celibacy," "Women Conversant with Sorrow," "Present Trials," "The Friends of Trial," "The Infirmity of Memory," "Miss Delayed," "A Prescription Offered," "Remorse for Ingratitude," "A New Birthday," and others. The book, in fact, is a collection of excellent essays about women and their power, and should be read and many appreciative readers among the gentler sex, for whose benefit it is intended. It is neatly printed and elegantly bound in blue vellum, black and gold, 12mo, size, 343 pages. All ladies, whatever their age, should read it, and ponder over its salutary teachings.

THE MAGAZINES.

Scribner's Monthly, for August, is styled the "Midsummer Holiday Number," and is the second number of the kind that has appeared. The contents are exceptionally rich papers in it, namely: "North American Ornithology," by Chas. E. Whitehead; "A Railroad in the Clouds," by Edgar Ellington Wentworth; "Deer in the Wood," by Janet Chase Hoyt; and "Canadian Sports," by George Bent. The first-named article will prove highly interesting to sportsmen and lovers of natural history, the second describes the Mexican railway, and the fourth treats of Lacrosse Snow-shoeing and Tobogganing Adelaide Trafton begins a new serial entitled "His Inheritance," which opens well. Berthold Auerbach contributes a neat sketch entitled "Adam and Eve," the Agricultural Fair," and the author of "Deirdre" a very smooth and felicitous poem entitled "Love's Fool." Dr. Holland's fine serial "Nicholas Minturn," is continued and grows in interest. Chas. Louise Kellogg the prima donna is represented by "Some Anonymous Melodies," and Bayard Taylor by a beautiful "Austrian Night Song." The number is throughout a number of superior merit and the miscellaneous contents are of the most readable description. The publication of "Midsummer Number" is a success, and a credit to its enterprising and liberal publishers.

St. Nicholas for August, comes in the shape of a "Midsummer Holiday Number," and presents as a frontispiece an elegant wood-cut entitled "The Friendly Fire," by Mark Fenton. W. Longfellow contributes "King Trisankha," a poem of merit. Harriet Prescott Spofford, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Miss Thaxter Dudley Warner's story of country life, "John's First Party," will be thoroughly relished by youthful readers, as will also Frank R. Stockton's description of "A Village of Wild Beasts," which is an account of a trip to the Zoological Garden in Fairmount Park. Julia Thaxter is represented by a sweet poem, "Robin's Rain Song," and H. H. by a fascinating "Letter from about Fairies." Mrs. Burdge's serial, "Hit-Own Master," is continued, as also is Jean Ingelow's "Four Gardens." All the other stories and miscellaneous articles are highly entertaining, and admirably suit the purpose for which they are intended. The illustrations are numerous, and add greatly to the interest and beauty of the number.

The Nursery, for August, comes in our table with its usual rich store of instructive and amusing reading matter for the little folks. It is profusely and handsomely illustrated. "A Day at the Beach," "Aunt Mary's Bull-Dog," "Uncle Jack's Man's Well," "Spring," "Great I and Little You," as well as "King Drake" and "The Comet Call," will be read with delight by the little folks. But this number of the Nursery is good throughout, and should find a place in every home where there are children to read or hear it read.

The American Journal of the Medical Sciences, edited by Isaac Hays, A. M., M. D., and J. Minis Hays, A. M., M. D., is at hand for July. The Journal is now entering on its 74th year. Lea, of this city, and during its long existence has won the favor and esteem of all medical practitioners, and of the public in the general public. In the current number there are articles by Dr. Lewis D. Steele, of New Fever at Savannah, Georgia," going into the causes of the epidemic deeply and scientifically. Dr. Thomas G. Morton writes a long article on "The Antipyretic Treatment of Pneumonia," and Dr. Rachel L. Bodley Report of Three 2d Cases of Tracheotomy." Besides these articles, the Journal literally overflows with learned and interesting matter connected with the practice of medicine.

NEW MUSIC.

We have received from S. Brainard's Sons, Cleveland, the following pieces of new music: "He's Gone," a pretty home ballad, composed by P. P. Bliss—solemn and touching—difficult. "Come Ye Sinners, Poor and Needy," the old words, with a beautiful and rather difficult music; "Dashing Minnie Gray," a neat song and chorus, by Will L. Thompson and "Sweet Bird," a grand sketch by E. Mack, smooth and easy melody.

HALF the people of the world are idle for want of some overseeing eye to set them to work. The advice which Hayden gave to the great Count Essex, in order to name and situate persons, needs to be given to almost one-half of mankind. There are but very few persons who can make a coffee-pot with a spout on a handle, and with a lip rather than with a spout. You will have to guard the food you carry from rain, fog, dew, rats,

HOME CULTURE.

VI.

SELF-TRAINING;

A COMPANION TO THE

"YOUNG LADY'S FRIEND."

Compiled to suit Life in America.

BY

MRS. H. O. WARD.

LETTERS, NOTES AND INVITATIONS.

"To talent among men hath mere scholars and foreigners."—Emerson.

CHAPTER I.—(Continued.)

It is not considered elegant to enclose one card of invitation to two persons, addressing them as Messrs Jones, or whatever their surname may be, but invitations are frequently sent in this way by those who care little for society rules which do not involve a violation of those principles upon which all rules of good-breeding are based—viz: the principles of a gentleman and the principles of religion. Those who have been trained to make a difference between the "reasonable and the unreasonable points of etiquette," often set conventionalities at defiance with a boldness that startles those who hold the idea that the etiquette of polite life is written in a despotic code, and that those who obey any of it are not excused from obeying the whole.

To return to the subject of courteous and uncourteous answers or replies to invitations. There are circumstances, patent to every sensitive mind, under which "very kind" is often the most "unkind cut," and still others when "regret extremely," is more courteous than "regret." These need no explanation, for there are but few natures not able to judge for themselves.

A regret should always include a reason for regretting; though if a previous engagement is made the excuse in our country, when the invitation is sent long in advance, it may safely be set down as a fib, or worse; and no further courtesy be extended until the first one has been reciprocated. It is mourning, this fact should always be mentioned, as

"Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Smith regret that they are not able to accept Mr. Dudley's kind invitation, owing to the illness of a member of their family."

Or, if absence from home be necessary,

"Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Smith regret for regret extremely that their intended absence from home deprives them of the pleasure of visiting Mrs. Mortimer Dudley's kind invitation for Friday evening, 18th Inst."

There, but the remark be repeated in reference to the word "will." One must not write "will depart on Friday," in answers of accepting. This is one of the mistakes most frequently made, however, and should be guarded against by those who are not in the habit of "murdering the King's English."

Some of the rudest forms of regret are as follows:

"Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Smith regret that they cannot accept Mr. Dudley's invitation for Friday evening."

A still ruder form:

"Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Smith decline Mrs. Mortimer Dudley's invitation for Friday evening."

Or, if illness is the cause of a regret:

"Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Smith regret that they are not able to accept Mr. Dudley's kind invitation, owing to the illness of a member of their family."

Or, if absence from home occasions it:

"Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Smith regret for regret extremely that their intended absence from home deprives them of the pleasure of visiting Mrs. Mortimer Dudley's kind invitation for Friday evening, 18th Inst."

There, but the remark be repeated in reference to the word "will." One must not write "will depart on Friday," in answers of accepting. This is one of the mistakes most frequently made, however, and should be guarded against by those who are not in the habit of "murdering the King's English."

Some of the rudest forms of regret are as follows:

"Mr and Mrs. Ernest Smith regret that they cannot accept Mr. Dudley's invitation for Friday evening."

A still ruder form:

"Mr and Mrs. Ernest Smith decline Mrs Mortimer Dudley's invitation for Friday evening."

Or, if absence from home occasions it:

"Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Smith regret the pleasure of Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer Dudley's company at dinner on Tuesday February 18th, at seven o'clock. 107 Hawk St."

The words "to dine with them" are sometimes substituted in the place of "for dinner." Some families prefer to issue their invitations for balls in the name of the husband as well as the wife. To this there can be no objection. Dinner invitations are answered the day that they are received, and unequivocally accepted or declined. All other invitations as soon as possible after receiving them. An English book on modern etiquette says: On receiving an invitation to an evening party, an "At Home," or whatever it may happen to be, reply within a day or two at latest. Another work on the same subject: "By the Right Honorable the Countess of * * * says "Invitations to a ball should be answered immediately." It is well known that some, who admit that dinner invitations should be answered the day they are received, deny the necessity of ball invitations being answered promptly.—In a case of this kind a foreigner who was a bachelor was once referred to. He decided against the ball, who did not promptly reply to all invitations, and said that no answers were expected in his country. Great was his astonishment upon returning home, to find that answers were expected, and that the bearers of invitations in some instances waited for the answers. When next he met the lady he candidly acknowledged his error; and she promptly told him that one so ready to own himself unmarried he would not be very reliable authority in such matters. "The Man in the Club Window," even made mistakes in his sensible book that he would have supposed had he had a wife or a mother to instruct him.

In accepting a dinner invitation repeat the hour named, in order that if any mistake has been made it may be corrected. "I pass one occasion, at a dinner given for some distinguished strangers at the house of a gentleman in Newport, whose long experience in entertaining rendered it almost impossible that he could make a mistake of any description. A lady found herself the first to arrive, although she had heard the hour designated in her invitation as late as the dressing hour for the carriage. Inquiring of a servant, she found that she was just one hour too soon. Her carriage was already dismissed, and she had nothing to do but wait. A few moments later she heard the welcome sound of wheels rolling over the gravel on a companion in misfortune drove up; but the arrogant feeling all others had the forethought to inquire whether any mistake had been made in the hour, and learning that there had been, drove away. When the lady returned, he brought with him his invitation which was clearly worded for the hour previous to the one which the host thought he had named in all his invitations. And the above simple rule has been observed in the replies of the lady and gentleman, the mistake could have been rectified, and both would have been saved the unpleasantness of arriving before the hour. A host should never wait over fifteen minutes for a tardy guest, as by so doing he commits a rudeness towards all those who arrive punctually. It is a very good form to note down in all invitation books any inexcusable tardiness against the name, in order to avoid repeating dinner invitations to such delinquents.

For musical soirees, charades, private theatricals, and for kettle drum, opera, theatre, archery, croquet, sailing and garden parties low formal invitations can be sent, but no matter how informal they may be, (with the one exception of when a visiting card is used) on no account neglect to give immediate attention to it; any want of courtesy in this respect is unpardonable.

In writing to your inferiors use as few words as possible, that your letter may not be presumed upon from any seeming familiarity. As soon as you are obliged to write to one of your former times, it would be well to read over every letter before sending it, with a view to discovering whether it is worded as it ought to be, should it fall into the hands of any one to whom it is written. A lady once addressed a letter to a man with whom she had but slight acquaintance stating with perfect carelessness that she was ashamed to write to him employer which she thought it was for his interest to know and to condemn. It never seemed to have crossed her mind that the individual would be likely to have letters addressed to him, and he wrote an illiterate and most insolent note in reply, stating in it that he had kept a copy of the note which she had written to his employer.

Such an experience could not often occur. It is true, for there are few men who could be found to show a lady's letter to the person of whom she had complained in terms of indignation amiable to the gentleman of his station, but that it did once occur, should serve as a warning to all letter writers not to allow any epistle to go out of their hands which they would not be willing to have read by any than the one addressed. Only in the cultivated must we look for that thorough refinement which acts like an instinct in such matters. Another thing in which great care should be exercised by those who have a voluminous correspondence ("dashing off" a dozen letters at a time) is that each be at once inclosed in its proper envelope. Absent-minded and careless persons frequently create great annoyance by enclosing their letters wrongly. A lady going to a strange city will have letters of introduction to many to post, that the parties to whom they were to be sent might call upon her during her stay, which was to be short, as she was a musical celebrity whose time was not entirely her own disposal. The letters were written and sent, but unfortunately were so carelessly changed about in putting them in their envelopes as to deprive those to whom they were addressed of the pleasure it would have been to them to make the acquaintance of the lady. Punch gives the following experience which is still more to the point: "Dumos—"Hullo! Pritchard! Pritchard! Pritchie—"O, my dear fellow, I've tu-t-t-t-t-t obligations! I've been writing to my tailor to give me another inch and a half in the waist-band, and unpacked the wrong note, indeed. Auns, and—oh! I've put 'em into the wrong envelopes, and they're posted!" Letters of introduction should be brief and carefully worded. State in full the name of the person, and the city and town he is from, intimating the mutual pleasure that you feel the acquaintance will confer; adding as few remarks as possible concerning the one introduced. Persons are sometimes detered from delivering letters of introduction which seem to them to be undeserving explanations. All such letters are left unsealed, to be closed before delivery by the one introduced, who sends it, with his card and address, and waits until this formality is returned by a call, or by cards with an invitation. When a gentleman delivers such a letter to a lady, he is at liberty to call in person, sending up his card to ascertain whether she will receive him then, or appoint another hour that will be more convenient. The same rule will be observed by those whose stay in a city is short. A letter of introduction should not, as a general rule, be given, unless the person writing it is well acquainted with the one to whom he introduces and the one to whom he writes. If the persons who receive such letters are really well bred, nothing but an accident will prevent you from hearing from them in a few hours from them, for, as La Fontaine says, a letter of introduction is like a draft, it must be cashed at sight. The one receiving it either writes you in person or sends, or at most others, or at least, asks you to drive with him, or visit some place of amusement. Too great caution, however, cannot be exercised in giving a letter which makes such demands upon an acquaintance.

A gentleman in Boston once wrote to a friend in New York, introducing a foreigner of whom he knew nothing, except that he had met him at a dinner party at the house of a wealthy Bostonian, and had found him an especially agreeable and amusing table companion; mastering not only modern languages, and apparently highly cultivated. The New Yorker introduced him to his mother and sisters, entertained him, took him to his club, escorted him to the opera, to parties and at-homes, and succeeded in launching him upon the tide of New York society. One day, after lunching with his new friend at a well known restaurant, they left together, but upon returning alone in the course of the day to give some order, the New Yorker was accosted with the following question by one of the clerks: "Is Villeroy in here with you this morning, sir, in whom are you speaking?" "Villeroy?" exclaimed the gentleman "if whom are you speaking? I know no one of the name of Villeroy." "I beg your pardon, sir; I thought there was some mistake when I saw you breakfasting together this morning." "There is no mistake upon my part," replied the gentleman; "My friend, Mr. Hanenschuh, took me there to lunch. You have made the mistake, whatever it is."

"Well you see, sir, I could not be mistaken. I was clerk at the ——— Hotel at the time he was married. When he arrived, he appeared; but although he was followed and arrested, they couldn't prove anything against him. He was too sharp for that. I thought that he had gone back to Germany, when suddenly he turns up here. If you want proof of what I say, ask him to go with you to the ——— Hotel, and you will get it."

"I shall most certainly take my friend to that hotel in order that he may give the lie to such slanders." the gentleman answered promptly. "He has a most strong resemblance, but Mr. Hanenschuh is beyond suspicion."

An hour later found him at his friend's lodging house, where the awful accusation was revealed with as much consideration as possible, and the foreigner was requested to select another lodging. He agreed to do so with the utmost coolness, and he had heard of such cases before; and had himself been taken for another person, and treated the grave charge so lightly as quite to reassure his friend, who had feared that he might give offense, no matter how delicately he went to work in the matter. The New York gentleman left, agreeing to return the following morning, when they were to proceed to the hotel together. But when he did return not a vestige of Hanenschuh, alias Villeroy, was to be found, nor were any of his effects left in his lodgings. All had disappeared together in some mysterious way; and nothing left behind but unpaid bills, which the friends preferred to pay; as he had introduced him to his leader-people authentically, as well as in society. In writing the superscription of foreign letters the word "Monsieur" or Madam" is not repeated as formerly, viz; "A Monsieur, Monsieur B." but simply "Monsieur B." The custom is obsolete. In addressing notes of invitation to foreigners bearing titles, if your Republican sympathies are too strong to permit you making use of the titles, you are at liberty to write "Mr. and Mrs." or "Monsieur and Madame," but if you use the title for the husband you must also use it for the wife. You cannot write "Monsieur and Madame de Beaumont," nor "Count and Madame de Grenville," but "Marquis and Marchioness Beaumont; Count and Countess Grenville. Only the letters of unmarried ladies and widows are addressed with their baptismal names. All letters of married women should bear their husbands' names, as "Mrs. John Smith." The French do not use "Mrs." and "Miss" in commencing letters, unless where there is great intimacy, but only "Monsieur," "Madame," or "Mademoiselle," which customs Americans abroad would do well to follow when writing in the French language. Writing in English, our own forms can be observed, even though writing to foreigners. All letters sent by post should be prepaid. It is unkind to wards facilitating the prompt reply to invitations which civility requires, if the plan of sending all answers to invitations by post were adopted. In most families in America, the servants have sufficient to occupy them, previous to the appointed evening, without being called off every five or ten minutes to receive notes at the door, which might just as well have been left addressed by the postman on his rounds. Those who consider it more elegant to send such notes by their own servants, should ask themselves if something is not due to the hours of rest which the invitation was accepted, the dinner—a large one of ladies and gentlemen—arranged, with the diplomat as the guest of honor; when, lo! he did not appear, and the dinner had to be served without him. He had accepted under the supposition that only men were to be invited, and learning to the contrary, he gave a friend at home, he returned to write a note of apology which he sent, saying that the sudden illness of his wife detained him. Either the dinner should have included only gentlemen, or the invitation to the ladies followed. Here comes in the application of that divine command upon which all laws of social intercourse that are worth regarding are based; "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you." Had the host and hostess possessed that kindness of heart which goe far towards atoning for unintentional breaches of etiquette, their course would have been such as would have avoided the unnecessary wounding of the feelings of others; and they would themselves have been spared the annoyance of giving a dinner for a foreign minister who did not appear at the table.

When we reflect that character is the only permanent possession that we can have, that all other mental possessions are to the spiritual what dress is to the body, that is, a mere covering, something put on and taken off as circumstances vary—and that character is all that we can take away with us when we leave this world, that it is for its occupied with, and more serious business, their evenings can be given to their friends, and so they thus escape the monotony of calling, and yet are allowed to enjoy the festive gatherings. From this it comes, that their cards have duly represented their owners at the houses of their acquaintances."

Many of the faults in this book, as also in all books upon the manners of society, lie in the fact that their writers do not know general rules, without mentioning that there are exceptions. Others arise from rules having been made to meet certain conditions of society that do not exist with us, as, for instance, the absurd one, "It is the lady's place to bow first to a gentleman," made solely for English society, the reasons for which will be explained elsewhere.

Some of these exceptions to general rules will be given from time to time, and some of the absurdities shown, attendant upon efforts made to establish rules by which we have been accustomed to suit other forms of society than those existing in America.

Every social rule of any importance whatever will be found, if examined into, to hold some reason for and its observance, as, for instance, the old-fashioned custom of drawing off the right-hand glove before shaking hands with a lady, which gentlemen of the olden school still practice. This custom had its origin in feudal times, when the pressure of the iron glove would have been painful.

When any rule is given that will not bear examination as to the reason of its existence, one many safely conclude either that its nest has gone by, or that it belongs to another land than our own.

ADDENDA.

The contradictory instructions given in all books treating upon matters of etiquette, is owing in part to the varying customs of various countries; and partly to the fact that such books are generally written upon speculation, without their authors having been able to test the usefulness of the rules by experience, or by judge by observation as to the correctness of the information gleaned.

In illustration of a general rule being given without any exceptions, and false instructions, take that in reference to letters of introduction: "Never deliver a letter of introduction in person." Here is the rule; but if the bearer of a letter of introduction is going to make a limited stay in a city, his only opportunity of receiving any attention, or even of meeting the one to whom the letter is addressed, is to deliver it in person. Again, if the letter introduces a gentleman to a lady, it is usually much more agreeable for both, when the gentleman calls, sending up his letter with his card, and waiting to see if the hour he has chosen is convenient for his being received. One of the reasons given by the Countess of ———, why no one should deliver a letter of introduction in person, in her book, is, "Calling in society" (page 56) as follows: "You compel those to whom you are introduced to receive you whether they choose or not. It may be that they are sufficiently ill-bred to take no notice of the letter when sent; and in such case, if you presented yourself with it, they would most probably receive you with rudeness."

This assertion, in reference to compelling a reception, only holds good in the circles where its members have been trained never to permit the rudeness of allowing callers to be shown in and out again, without seeing any of those upon whom the call is made; and as long as there are families who are so uncivil as to do this, without offering any apology, those who present their letters in person must go prepared for such a result. Another rule that may be cited is the following, which, perfectly true in its general sense, has many exceptions:

THE RULE.—"You cannot invite people to your house unless you have first called upon them in a formal manner and they have returned this visit."

The reason for such a rule is given in the following words: "This rule as a safeguard against forming undesirable acquaintances," which, in itself, reveals to sensible people how many exceptions there must be to such a rule. Where families have been known to each other for a long time, makes one exception; where any decree of intimacy exists between any of the members of the two families; where the party inviting is much older than the one she invites, and where there is too little time for the interchange of such civilities. These are a few only of the many exceptions that prove the fallibility of the general rule. Where an informal invitation is sent, under any of the above named conditions no cards are enclosed. When the invitation is formal, cards can be made to represent a call, although the courtesy is the same without the cards as with them. When such invitations are not accepted and no call made within the customary time afterwards by those who are invited, it is understood that the acquaintance is not desired. But as it is considered very uncourteous behaviour, when no call is made after a visit has been returned, by invitations have been extended, it is quite as easy to be the one call, that common civility requires, and the visiting, as to leave it unmade. Sometimes, in some country houses, a husband is to be invited, and those invited do not wish to make the acquaintance of his wife, the invitation must be sent to both or to neither, if any ladies are invited. It is impossible to show a greater social affront to a man than to invite him without inviting his wife; if, either by instinct or training, he feels any insult shown to his wife as keenly as he would if shown to himself. Men are blind in the French language. Writing in English, our own forms can be observed, even though writing to foreigners. All letters sent by post should be prepaid. It is unkind to wards facilitating the prompt reply to invitations which civility requires, if the plan of sending all answers to invitations by post were adopted. In most families in America, the servants have sufficient to occupy them, previous to the appointed evening, without being called off every five or ten minutes to receive notes at the door, which might just as well have been left addressed by the postman on his rounds. Those who consider it more elegant to send such notes by their own servants, should ask themselves if something is not due to the hours of rest which the invitation was accepted, the dinner—a large one of ladies and gentlemen—arranged, with the diplomat as the guest of honor; when, lo! he did not appear, and the dinner had to be served without him. He had accepted under the supposition that only men were to be invited, and learning to the contrary, he gave a friend at home, he returned to write a note of apology which he sent, saying that the sudden illness of his wife detained him. Either the dinner should have included only gentlemen, or the invitation to the ladies followed. Here comes in the application of that divine command upon which all laws of social intercourse that are worth regarding are based; "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you." Had the host and hostess possessed that kindness of heart which goe far towards atoning for unintentional breaches of etiquette, their course would have been such as would have avoided the unnecessary wounding of the feelings of others; and they would themselves have been spared the annoyance of giving a dinner for a foreign minister who did not appear at the table.

When we reflect that character is the only permanent possession that we can have, that all other mental possessions are to the spiritual what dress is to the body, that is, a mere covering, something put on and taken off as circumstances vary—and that character is all that we can take away with us when we leave this world, that it is for its occupied with, and more serious business, their evenings can be given to their friends, and so they thus escape the monotony of calling, and yet are allowed to enjoy the festive gatherings. From this it comes, that their cards have duly represented their owners at the houses of their acquaintances."

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JOY AND SORROW.

BY E. A. B.

Just one life-woof blended together,
Golden and purple and white of endeavor,
Gloom of shadow and color of endeavor,
Roses entwining the crosses we bear.

Beautiful songs into silence hushed,
Love service garments folded away;
Sorrowing knew that joy has flushed,
Tears overtaking the old dreary.

Laughter that endeth in sobbings of sorrow,
Wailings that sound their victory's cry,
For the transcript of yesterday blended in-morrow
Of hearts that wait for heroes that die.

Manifold touches of soft, white fingers
Smoothing the wrinkled lorrow of care;
Tenderer sympathizing smiles where there were tears,
Hopes a-blossom in paths of despair.

Thus into our life-woof blended together,
Joy and sorrow are every one;
They meet and mingle on earth for ever,
Twining with roses the lustrous we bear.

ELAMA,
THE TWIN SOUL.

BY C. LEON GUMPERT.

"The awful shadow of some unseen power
Floats, though unseen, among us."—Shelley.

[The story was commenced in No. 48, Vol. 86. Back Numbers can always be obtained.

CHAPTER XXXIV.
DISCORD AND DARKNESS.

The Doctor's first thoughts were for the safety of Gertrude. Hearing these cries he imagined that it was she who was in danger, so forgetting for the moment all thought of Eustace, he darted down the pathway, pushed his way among the dense throng which surrounded the edge of the lake near the Illuminated pavilion, and there to his horror he saw the figure of a woman just sinking into the water.

A cry of agony went up from all the spectators, they repeated their calls of "save her, save her by all means."

"Good, God," yelled St. Jean," make way there, make way, would you see a woman drown, cowards?"

He tore off his dress coat and vest. It was the work of but a few seconds of time to draw off his tie and collar, kicked off his shoes and then he plunged into the lake.

A low cry from the crowd was echoed through the copse. It was a cry of admiration —for the brave man—yet a cry of alarm for his safety.

"She is crazy—she is mad—she will drown him."

St. Jean being a splendid swimmer, after he rose to the surface kept watching for the body to rise. In a moment it appeared.

"Great Powers!" he thought to himself, "it is Mrs. Tendrie. She is surely crazed beyond hope."

He swam immediately towards her and ere she sank the second time caught her at arm's length by the collar of her dress.

The crowd gave a cheer, but no one ventured to his assistance.

"Help!" he cried, "help me. Don't stand there gaping."

At length the spectators recovered from their paralysis. They tore up the scantling from the floor of the pavilion and pushed it into the water.

It was some aid to the doctor, for he caught one of the boards and pushed his way towards the shore.

The task tore down a large rope which held up a part of the tent, and threw it to St. Jean. The Doctor did not catch it. He did not need it. He managed to swim in with his inanimate burden, and then a score of men plunging into the shallow water near the bank, drew the body ashore and lent willing hands to assist the Doctor in land.

When he recovered his breath he said:

"It's no use. She's dead."

"Dead," echoed one. A wail arose from the bystanders.

"Dead," said the Doctor, mournfully, "and with all her sins upon her head, poor woman."

"Try and save her, be a man!" cried one.

"Get hot blankets!"

"Get some brandy!"

"I tell you, gentlemen, it is no use, she is dead. Lay her down on the floor there. Now try all your restoratives and see what good you can do. I'm sure I'd give my own life to restore hers. God knows."

Mrs. Burdette, rushing into the crowd like one utterly mad, cried and screamed,

"You killed her! you drowned her! you drowned her!"

The Doctor, making no reply to her crazed words, exclaimed,

"Get some brandy, hot water, cloths, quick, quick, quick!"

Every one busied himself now.

"Let the women attend her! Let her be where she is!" he cried.

"Have some running in with brandy and hot water, and blankets and wraps—more than was needed, especially in this case.

"Now, give her air," cried St. Jean. "Leave her alone with Mrs. Burdette and the other servants. Any lady who wishes to help, let her help, and may God bless our labors!"

There was such a surge of people, such confusion, the Doctor could distinguish nothing, could identify no one. He never thought of himself. He felt a hand touch his shoulder.

Hawksworth Sipes accosted him.

"Doc, you're going through! Change your clothes, man, quick!

"Ah, Sipes, you're very kind—but don't mind me. Where in the name of God is Gertrude?"

"I don't know. Say, is the woman drowned?"

"Yes."

"Can I help."

"No—thanks. Leave me alone, please. I will officiate here. The women are in attendance upon her. They are rubbing her, and trying to bring her to. It is all in vain, I'm afraid."

Then St. Jean went into the pavilion where Mrs. Burdette, two or three women and a couple of female servants were busily engaged in the anguished work of endeavoring to coax the flown spirit to return to that inanimate and pale body.

Sipes ran off in search of Gertrude.

He was told by somebody he met that the conservatory had been locked, and a body found there.

He ran up to the conservatory and found a crowd about it. It was the resorting of the same crowd who had crowded the edge of the lake and had now sought new excitement.

"Leave me through here," cried Sipes as he shoved and fought his way in towards the greenhouse, "or I'll you leave me pass or I'll throttle some of you."

The crowd cheered.

There was an assemblage of men at this garden party who seemed more like animals than humans. A mob of half inebriated hangers-on of the patronizers of Mrs. Tendrie and her followers. No one knew who they were or how they had dared to come here. It was this crowd which was so clamorous and which became so defiant. Sipes however fought his way into the midst of the assembly and reached the conservatory.

The door had been forced open and Eustace staggered out like a drunken man.

"Where's Miss Southgate?" yelled Sipes.

Eustace uttered something and then sank to the ground like one in a swoon.

Sipes followed a man who had a lantern and who had ventured into the place, and there sitting near the door upon one of the ornamental iron seats, was Gertrude in a profound swoon or stupor.

"Bring lights!" cried Sipes. "Bring lights! Here's a woman who has fainted! Help me, somebody!"

George, the coachman, who seemed none the better for many potions, ran in, carrying an oil lamp, which he had taken from one of the facades of the garden.

"Here, my good man!" cried Sipes to the coachman. Bring that cane-seat settee over here as quick as you can."

The man brought it.

"Now help me lift her upon it. That's it; now give us a lift, and take her straight over to the house; be careful now."

Away went Sipes and George with their precious burden, and the crowd made room for them to pass, and seemed slightly awed by the occurrence.

Sipes, after seeing Gertrude placed in the care of Miss Lasso, who was crying bitterly in the little reception room, and having secured the assistance of a couple of maid servants, ran back to help Eustace.

He found that one of the humane persons in this confused mass of lookers-on had been thoughtful enough to administer to the wants of Eustace, had given him wine, bathed his head with cold water and finally succeeded in dispersing the clouds which appeared to hang about him and to restore him to coherent speech and thoughts.

"I have been drugged," he said. "Where's Gertrude?"

"Hello, Marvin!" cried Sipes, kneeling beside him. "You're all right. I'm glad of it. By Jiminy! you've been drugged, I'll bet ten dollars."

"Where's Gertrude—Miss Southgate?"

"Safe and sound in the house. We took her up there, and she's in good hands."

"Thank God! Doctor St. Jean is with her?"

"No."

"Why, where is the Doctor."

"He'll be here in a minute."

Sipes did not think it prudent to tell Eustace anything about the tragedy at the lake at present.

"But I must see him. Where is he?"

"Busy. There's been an accident—a slight accident. He's attending to it. He'll be here presently. Don't fret. Better go over and see Mrs. Southgate. Better go over to the house anyhow and rest yourself."

"Give me your arm, Mr. Sipes."

"Certainly, both of them and my legs too, if you want them." Sipes assisted Eustace to rise.

"Now, then, tell me, in the name of God, what does this all mean?"

"That's what I'd like to know."

"You are not deceiving me, Mr. Sipes. Is Miss Southgate really over at the house?"

"She is."

"Where is Doctor St. Jean?"

"At the Lake."

"What is he doing there."

"Dancing, I suppose. Come up to the house, Maurice and I'll explain. But the Doctor will be here presently and report himself. This is a gay party, isn't it."

"Delightful," groaned Eustace. "It's like a scene from the 'Inferno.'"

"It will make a stunner of a sensation for the Gazette."

So leaning on Sipes' sustaining arm, Eustace slowly walked towards the house, amid a confusion of lights and people everywhere flitting about him like the phantasmagora of a fevered dream.

CHAPTER XXXV.
A COUNCIL OF WAR.

When they reached the house Eustace abruptly broke from his guide and ran into the parlor. Sipes followed him at a little distance, and easily conjectured his desire to see Gertrude.

There were several persons in the parlor, some talking in knots, some engaged in listening to a very indifferent performance on the piano there, for strange to say, the terrible scenes which had just occurred had not in the least disordered the equanimity of the guests, all of whom seemed bent on their complete measure of fun. Eustace went into the reception room, for Sipes had indicated to him where to find his beloved, and there he discovered a bevy of sympathetic females around the couch of Miss Southgate.

Gertrude had recovered from her stupor, and was now sipping a glass of lemonade which Miss Lasso brought her. Miss Lasso had been a good angel on this occasion, and the true character of the girl shone markedly in these beneficent offices.

When Eustace entered he took Gertrude's hand in his and asked:

"Are you better?"

"Yes, thanks—surely I cannot account for the strange stupor I was in."

"Nor I," rejoined Eustace, unless the lemonade we took was drugged, which I suspect it was."

"Do not alarm me so, Mr. Marvin. Why do you suspect that?"

"Because I imagine so."

The female circle about her broke up and dispersed, and Eustace, Miss Lasso, who was fanning Gertrude and one of the servants remained. Sipes remained in the parlor.

"Has Doctor St. Jean been here?" queried Eustace.

"Yes," replied Miss Lasso. "We do not know where he is."

In fact the circle was so far entirely ignorant of what had happened at the lake pavilion, when at that very instant a lady ran into the room, and in a very piteous tone of voice, exclaimed:

"My, my, what horrible thing has happened. Did you hear of it?"

"What is that?" started Eustace.

"Mrs. Tendrie is drowned!"

"Drowned!" screamed Gertrude raising herself from the lounge, her eyes looking wild and her face becoming pallid.

"Drowned! Is the lady's name do not tell us that. Where, where was she drowned?"

"In the lake," answered the woman. "Near the supper tent. She deliberately ran into the water and drowned herself."

"It can't be possible!" cried Eustace.

"It is the truth."

"It is like a judgment of God," said Eustace "Poor unfortunate woman. She was mad. I have long thought Mrs. Tendrie was deranged, and this proves it. She threw herself into the water, say you?"

"Yes," replied in, and when she was brought out by Doctor St. Jean, who leaped in after her, she was dead, and nothing could be done to restore her."

"Did Doctor St. Jean try to rescue her?"

"Yes."

"Poor woman—brave, brave master," said Eustace.

"Where is the Doctor?"

"In the pavilion."

"And yet, in spite of all this horror, they are going on with the revelry. What does it mean?"

"It means that Mrs. Tendrie's friends are as mad as she is."

"Listen to the orchestra. Surely they are dancing."

"Of course, they are," answered the woman, "and they will not stop. I am going home at once. I cannot stand this scene."

"What a night we have had of it," murmured Gertrude. "What in the name of all that's good prompted this poor, unhappy, strange woman to commit so rash an act. It is dreadful. It is awful."

"Crime!" answered Eustace. "Conscience! She was the young lover of Miss Southgate, and ere twenty-four hours you will find it out."

"Why, did you know her?" queried the lady who had brought the news which had so affected the inmates of the room.

"I did know her as a capricious and evil intentioned woman. God forgive, but if we must speak no evil of the dead, I must really sin in that respect now. She was a bad woman, and has met a just doom."

"Do not speak in that way," said Gertrude; "it is wicked. You must not judge—"

"Except for what I know!" answered Eustace. "She was a masked hypocrite—a deceitful, miserable creature, and it was through her that a great deal of evil has been done. I wish I could see Doctor St. Jean. I wonder where he is?"

She had no sooner uttered these words than St. Jean entered the parlor and inquired of Sipes, if he knew where Eustace and Gertrude were. Sipes led him immediately into the reception room.

He found that some of the humane persons in this confused mass of lookers-on had been thoughtful enough to administer to the wants of Eustace, had given him wine, bathed his head with cold water and finally succeeded in dispersing the clouds which appeared to hang about him and to restore him to coherent speech and thoughts.

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"Professor Major can't leave. Can you, Professor?"

"Of course, I can. I'll never go back to Maryland again. Can I? Thank God, I've money enough to keep me."

And keep us, too."

When there was a silence, or at least each low voice and whispering is not to be audible to the eavesdropper.

Then a voice spoke up:

"I only speak as a lawyer, you know." It was Wykoff's voice. "You asked my advice, gentlemen, and I give it to you. You know——"

"Don't speak so loud, Dave," said a voice

"We don't want the whole garden to hear us."

The conversation subsided into whispers again.

Sipes was now standing close up to the very curtain of the tent. He had edged nearer and nearer in his anxiety to hear, that he nearly forgot precaution.

Suddenly the curtain was drawn open, and Sipes was into the shadow of the trees, but not in time to escape observation for the stout gruff voice he had heard in the tent called out,

"Curse it, there's been somebody listening. Say—here. Hallo! who is there?"

Sipes, of course, kept quiet, but the voice still said:

"What the deuce are you standing there for, fellow. Say—speaking behind that tree—ah?" Sipes, seeing that he was cornered, made a move to retreat, but the owner of the gruff voice, who proved to be the stout man Bettleton, instantly followed him, calling out:

"There's the rascal, Dave, look who can it be? He's been listening."

All the other three in the tent at these words looked out at Sipes, who was caught in the full glare of the light, and so he faced them and put on all the boldness he could command.

"Who are you?" demanded Bettleton, "what do you want here? I must say it looks very suspicious young fellow."

"Do I? And I must say you do too. None of your plotting away there at some mischief"

"You're an impertinent rascal. What do you want here, fellow?"

"Have him arrested!" cried Wykoff, with a terrible imprecation, "We can't have such people about here. He doesn't belong here. He's a tramp."

"Of course he is!" chorused the others.

"Gentlemen," said Sipes, "perhaps you don't know me; but I know you all perfectly well. My friend, Mr. Wykoff there, doesn't recognize us, or seems not to. I am glad to see him. Ditto, ditto, concerning our stout friend who frequents No. 60 Chapel street, kept by a very honest Teuton named Treful; ditto Mr. Finelli, from the sunny land of Italy, who knows certain people at St. Mary's Hospital; ditto Mr. Waller of Elton street. I'm glad to meet you all!"

Every one in the tent looked amazed, and even alarmed at the cool volubility of the reporter. They were speechless for a moment.

The reporter went on.

"I also recognize Professor Major, late of St. Martin's College—and the city official Mr. Silsby, known as the coroner par excellence."

"I don't know you!" cried Major, not recognizing Sipes in the assured dashing reporter as that eventful day when Windthrin confessed."

"I do!" said Wykoff. "You're the fellow who opened my letters, eh!"

"Exactly!" said Sipes.

"You're a scamp," yelled Wykoff, growing very pale, the perspiration standing in strong drops upon his brow. "You are a villian and a thief!"

"Don't call yourself names in that way. Keep cool. "You're done for."

"You wrote the article about me?" cried Waller, "what does this all mean? Is this the wretch who broke the seal of my letter?"

"Yes."

"I am the fellow!" said Sipes. "The letter was an anonymous letter from the poor creature who has just destroyed herself and ——"

"Curse it, no more!" cried Wykoff, rising and seizing Sipes by the collar. "Some him, arrest him." I'll have him put in the penitentiary for his life. You infamous rascal, you."

"Lay no hands on me, gentlemen, if you please. I am a reporter on the "Gazette," and all this is known."

"What!" There was a universal exclamation. A howl of horror.

"You wrote the article about us? You did! You on the Gazette!" cried the Major, his face purple with rage.

"I did."

"It's a spy! Knock him down," cried one. "Put a bullet in him!" cried Waller, deliberately, drawing a small pistol, and aiming it at Sipes' head.

The reporter, as deliberately, took from his pocket a note book.

He, as coolly and deliberately, flourished a pencil, and said:

"The pen is mightier than the sword, the pencil is mightier than the pistol. Shoot, and I will make a note of it."

They were astonished at his coolness, and were silent for a moment. Then Waller said:

"Listen to me, gentlemen," said Sipes, "you are caught in your own toils. Consider your selves arrested.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A THEATRICAL ROMANCE.

Old Californians, old California theatre goers to seek the companionship of the past.

There was great confusion all over the ground. The men seemed to assemble by themselves in noisy groups, while the women clustering about the house or the dancing pavilion, seemed loud voiced and irate. In fact they were angry at their disappointment in having their festival disturbed by a death and such a shocking death. Murder—for that was the very little real merriment going on. The cavaliers would not dance, would not promenade—all they did was to drink wine and smoke. So the ladies' election of Belle Bridgeport was hereafter of under ordinary circumstances, affectionate young man. Time, however, soothes sorrow, and it too was a dismal performance. There seemed to be no leader to the entertainment. So that gaiety soon died away altogether. And, in spite of the alluring music of the orchestra, many of the fair dames began to retire to the cloak rooms and don their outer wraps. Then the carriages drove up, which Sipes narrowly watched.

There was a little garden tent close to the edge of the copse near the lake and it was illuminated. The curtains of the tent were closed but Sipes heard voices there—men's voices. The conjectures that those men were the parties for whom he was looking. So he went round to the back of the tent and in the deep shadow there listened to what was being spoken there.

He heard a gruff voice say:

"Come it—If we don't set at once all will be up with us."

That infernal 'Gazette' has got wind of it, somehow," from another voice.

"Let the body be. What the deuce does a man want with it?" suggested a third.

"To smuggle into a medical college," said another.

There was a faint laugh at this and then the gruff voice exclaimed, with an oath:

"She was always mad! Always. She never had a sane thought. It's all for the best she's gone. Good riddance to her."

"Good riddance," said the other. "That's all very well to say, but she'll haunt us all after death—curse her, and revenge herself in some way. Do you know we're all in for it if we don't clear out. Come let's be going. The carriage is here."

"To New York?"

"To the contrary, of course. To leave this wretched country at once."

By the Sad Sea-Waves.

Walking along the white sands of Coney Island, I saw him occasionally stop, pick up a clam shell and throw it into the sad sea waves. I did not need to be told that he was a philanthropist. It made itself apparent in me from his face, his figure and his clothing. Goodness beamed through the green glasses that covered his eyes, and generosity was long about the lines of his mouth.—His voice pumped up louder tones as I said to me:

"How full of grandeur is this ocean?"

I looked down the green beach, and then on to the waters, where the Jersey shore is visible, and other foreign countries lie hidden from view, and I then answered:

"It is, indeed!"

"And yet," he mused, stooping to pick up a shell—"and yet it fills me with sadness when I reflect that here, in the face of the mighty ocean, where bathing facilities abound, and nature offers such glorious recreation, there should be sharks lying in wait for those they may devour."

"Sharks?" I repeated in amazement.

"Yes, my young friend, sharks. Not of the piscatorial type, but of a much more dangerous character. Sharks who walk over these sands in the shape of men—land-sharks."

"I see," said I.

"This very day," he continued, "have I been beset by one of those monsters. I was wandering alone on the upper part of this island, listening to the murmur of the waves, when I was accosted by the said shark. He invited me to join in a little game which was played with three cards, and called, I think, monkey."

"Monte," I interposed.

"You are right," replied the philanthropist. "It was monte. I am a stranger to such things, and is is not surprising that I mistake the name. Well, I joined in the game of the siren—that is to the voice of the shark—and I was lost. So was the five dollars which I wagered. The shark was positive that I could not tell where the card was with the picture of a woman—"

"The queen," I interrupted.

"You are right—the queen. He was confident, I say, that I could not tell where the queen was, I was confident that I could. Our individual confidences amounted to five dollars each. And—and I lost!"

"That was unfortunate," said I. "But three-card-monte is a deceitful game."

"It is, indeed,' answered the philanthropist. 'And my indignation toward that shark rose to such a pitch that I was about to punch his liver-ling him. As it was he took to his heels, dropping his cards as he ran. Afterwards I picked them up, and—and I have them here!"

He put his hand in and drew forth from the inner pocket of his coat a nine-spot of diamonds, deuce of hearts and queen of spades.

"There is some satisfaction in getting hold of the implements of one's wrath."

"There is, indeed—but there was no satisfaction in knowing how to use those implements. It leads only to wretchedness and misery. Nevertheless, since I came into possession of these cards I have had a—a feeling—scarcely for my own amusement, you understand—the manner in which the shark threw them. I am convinced that it was owing to the skilful use of these cards that the deceitful way in which he handled them, that I lost all my money."

By this time the philanthropist and I had reached a spot on the island where visitors and dogs go. The crowd we had left behind, and feeling somewhat weary with our long walk, we sat down upon the ruins of the bathing house, which this season had washed up upon the beach. There, with the cards in his hand, my companion began to explain to me what he thought he understood about the game of three card monte.

"It was in some such way as this," he said, "that the shark threw the cards." Where upon he made a very bungling effort to imitate manipulations of a professional player.

"I fear that you would have to be more dextrous than that in order to deceive any one.

But I have no desire to deceive any one. I am practicing this sinful game for a purpose—a noble and philanthropic purpose. Here he again threw the cards, with even less of success than before. "If I could become an adept at this game I would spend my leisure hours in wandering up and down the beach here, warning others against the tribe of sharks. I would first show them how certain they are to lose their money, and then, having won it, I would return it to them, together with a few words of some advice. In this way I should accomplish a world of good. I should save others from losses similar to that which I have suffered myself."

During this speech the philanthropist continued to pick up and throw down the cards, making very little progress, however, in skill of manipulation.

"You see that I am improving," he said, and that in a short time I shall be able to deceive the sharpest eye. Do you think that you could pick out the queen, my friend?"

I did as he desired without a moment's hesitation. The experiment was repeated a half dozen times, and as often I selected the winning card.

"I am afraid, sir," I said laughingly, "if you were to put up your money on your skill it would prove a very expensive amusement."

"And yet," he replied, "I can deal the cards again, "if it were not for my conscientious scruples against betting. I would be willing to wager ten to dollars that you cannot tell me where the queen is."

"My dear sir," I answered, "I am myself morally opposed to betting, and yet I am half inclined to bet you that you will not succeed, you boo sadly mistaken you are."

If Blue was not a little real estate in it will be on my part at least from philanthropic motives." And I covered his wager.

"Now," said he, "I will put the queen"

My eye had been fixed upon the card all along. Before a small child could have observed me I had placed upon one the cor-ner of the queen of diamonds. I was confident of victory as though the face had been turned up.

"Is this the queen?" replied the philanthropist.

"Then," said I, lifting the card with the spot. It was the nine queen of diamonds.

Quantity e e companion eld-ff of the bathing-house, and made his way among the white sands of Coney Island with the air of one who has the pennies of that day in my control. I put down, and he picked up the money, and I forgot, this item "To Philanthropy, $15."

A Mother-in-Law Suggestion for Herself.

The Chicago Tribune prints a communication from a lady residing in Davenport, Iowa, who writes to the following purport: I have a few words to say to the mothers-in-law. I am one myself. I have seen several articles published in papers against mothers-in-law but it is wicked to speak evil of one's own daughters-in-law. Now I am a persecuted mother-in-law. My son-in-law was all right until my daughter-in-law was brought home. I think where a son takes a wife into his house it is the duty of the wife to see that she is the right kind of a woman, it is no trouble to get along. There are some their own parents can't live with. Then get married and go to live with their husbands' folks, and if they live like one of my girls did and is to the poor mother-in-law, often they are the evil ones. For my part, I have a great deal of sympathy for mothers-in-law, and I think you would, too, if you were in my place. There is one advice I would like to give to young men. Don't marry until you have a home of your own to take a wife to. Don't give your poor mother, who has nursed you in your infancy, idolized you—any cause for trouble let her go to her grave in peace. How many families there are whose homes where a little Eden till a daughter-in-law was taken in the family.

No company is preferable to bad, because we are much more apt in catch the vices of others than their virtues, as disease is far more contagious than health.

ATLANTIC CITY.

ATLANTIC CITY, July 21, 1877.

Rainy-day mornings at the seashore are not to be very delightful, for one thinks of home and a cozy library in which they could be shut out from the din of children pounding on the piano, "keeping time, time, time' in a sort of awful rhyme to the beating and the banging of the rest. Fortunately for us, rainy day are far between here, and the "pouring and the roaring" of to-day, will make us appreciate our advantages, and by-by said when he was dipped in the creek for his misdeeds. The rain has fallen incessantly since yesterday afternoon, and thus neglectful of our comfort, the thermometer, is decidedly low drawing with it the corners of the mouths belonging to hotel-keepers. You wonder give one time to have a good comfortable think, a generous, big day, which many of us propose indefinitely. A few evenings since, while sitting on the beach, I indulged in an experiment, the result of which was that I composed a poem, which, as it was but the way is one "cut and bored before." I subjoin it, however, as it really came from the heart as well as the brain:

A NAME IN THE SAND.

TO W.

Oh, I wrote a name in the sand,
In an idle sweet one day;
I wrote it bold and sharp, and clear,
As though it would always stay.

And as I turned it o'er and o'er,
All my thoughts were he away,
'Mid the scenes of a dear, dead past,
Where my Ramon love to stray.

The sun went down the West,
And cast a pall on the land,
The waves crept up to his that name—

"Twill never come back to me.

Unhappily there are very few young gentlemen here during the week, and many of the young ladies must the uninteresting role of "Sir Oracle" with each other, even though it were more interesting to be slightly more vivacy and allow some of the sunshine from their hitherto turnings of the gold, and to protect you from the bombardment of ambitious dancers who fly off at a tangent when expected. The first variety of dancing here, Atlantic not being characterized by any particular style, as are those watering places where the "set" is composed two-in hand galloping glide. The lady gathers her train in one hand, leans forward against the gentleman's encircling arm, and off they go now in the prettiest possible way, and now in the awkward fashion of the day before yesterday, then down they go, like a full elegant schooner before a high wind. Happy for the gentlemen if he be tall and strong, otherwise he has the appearance of being towed by a frail bark quickly to be dashed in pieces. The hop-gallop style is even worse when an energetic lady takes the initiative and rushes around the room without reversing, until the young lady suddenly remembers that her manners didn't what for since she has been gimmed to be her. Then comes the old fashioned plain waltz, full of ease and enjoyment of the dancers, and you feel inclined to join in. You are not care to change with the fashion. Then the popular, graceful glide, in which the body keeps still and the motion is in the music. All this, one may see in its and watches the dancers, giving happy expression to youth and joy. Sometimes fall into the habit of studying people, and human nature in all its phases; looking at the world through spectacles, take to it more and more as I grow older, and yet keeps about from it. We are all apt in reason from the face to the inward nature, and thus judge of what a person's mental qualifications may be, not remembering that the faces we see have been slowly, but indelibly, pencilled by time and circumstance, by thought, work and joy and sorrow. We meet a person on whose countenance is an expression of fretfulness and discontent and at once we set down in reading a mental character upon it. We think that it was once as clear as a title page, bearing only the cloudy cast-iron impress of the fretful mistress of her destiny. Or that since this many long chapters of sad experiences and defeated hopes have been written. And all the page is not to be the test, or that the writer is longing to say "Finis." But there some things in which a close observer would be mistaken, and one of them is that no matter how plainly she may dress, or how guilty she may appear. Her native refinement, her culture, her birth and breeding are always apparent, while all the newly-dug gold of the Black Hills can't make a vulgar person lose her identity, with what has been fixed in the face by association and habit. And that their least troublesome guests are those who live in the best style at home. This monotonous life at the sea-side gives one so much leisure in which to sharpen their powers of observation, that you may even set down in black and white what you will advancing a new theory of how to stick within yourself and judge the world through a keep hole.

Last Saturday evening the first hop was given at the United states Hotel, and proved a brilliant success, all the beauty and gallantry of the island being present. Many beautiful costumes were worn, though the majority of the ladies dressed plainly. One of the most stylish and lovely young ladies in the house, wore a brown jaconet muslin, trimmed with delicate pipings and inter linings of straw color. Several ladies were velvet underskirts with overdress in delicate pink, blue and straw color of this material being particularly adapted to withstand the air.

The saturday evening hop at Congress Hall was well attended, but as they have dancing every evening, it is not considered much of an event. Mr. Chas Woodruff of Philadelphia has charge of the dancing room, and by his polite and genial manner, makes everyone's acquaintance.

The guests of the Metropolitan recently gave a hop, the arrangements of which were extremely elegant. The dining room was profusely ornamented with flowers, bunting flags and evergreens, the music fine, and best of all, every one made to feel at home. The arrangements were under the direction of Mr. Charles Hall, of Philadelphia, one of the most popular gentlemen at the house. The supper of the cottage-style hop was given at the Sea View on Wednesday and proved even pleasanter than the first. A large number of guests were down to remain over and many of the costumes were worthy of a description. One of these was an imported dress of black lace, over which was worn a cream colored with delicate pink. A heavy chenille fringe of the same colors finished the overskirt, and diamond ornaments added to the completeness of this dainty garbed costume. Miss Ida Woodruff was the most graceful dancer moving about with the most perfect ease and grace.

Among the arrivals this week was General Neil Dow, of Maine, who is looking well, and is in the same train with very many well known and noticeable people. Among the latter is Mr. Wm. Welsh, of Philadelphia, who is much interested in the Atlantic City Railroad, and who is also a director in the Pennsylvania Railroad. He visited Frederick and family during his stay here, and was pleased to find them pet with country surroundings. The hop at the Seaside House on Thursday evening was a very pleasant affair, the supper being served in the cool evening chill.

ELLA E.

An Indian's Use of His Squaw

A southern correspondent writes from one of the hills about Virginia City, Nev., pronouncing ponies. As there is hardly a handful of grass to the acre in the neighborhood of their shanties it is necessary to go some distance for food for their animals. Every night and morning a squaw is packed on each pony and sent off in search of forage. Every one of the squaws thus packed to the camp. The Indians are sure to be found in the same place, and the squaws, loaded with the corn and generally manage to glean a considerable ration for the untried article.

Mr. Bob Lemmon, the son of Captain Bob and himself a sea captain, has a bar that stood at a considerable distance from the house, and one day that they accosted some of the squaws coming from the corn-field. After a rough bustle had been made they succeeded in getting one of the squaws into the house and after seeing that she rope was in its proper place and saw her forehand cave a satisfactory manner, they left her to her own devices and went to the bar. Bob following, leading by the hand a four year old boy. The boy was duck-legged and a most comical little fellow. He looked him up, and it was supposed he intended to carry him home. No one thought of the squaw at all. As soon as he overhauled his squaw he planted the boy atop of the load of hay. This proceeding caused the woman to look back, and as the food nearer the ground, but Bob didn't notice it.

Why don't you carry the boy, Bob?" said one

"For coz me like to see him ride."

"Let him ride on your back then."

"Guess not, old son me can't carry him if he on my back," and away went Bob, proudly strutting upon the youthful scion of his house. Before reaching camp, Bob probably had a quarter of a cord of wood piled up around the boy; for, as Pinion say, "Squaw heap strong."

HERE AND THERE.

—A rising man—one blown up by a boiler.

—A smile is a representative of the blessed art.

—The true measure of holiness is atonement to the pound.

—The kitchen-maid drops the crockery and exclaims "Let us have pieces."

—In the battle of the household, many wives pitch plates, but few, etc., ever pitcherfuls.

—"In my prison cell I sit," is a favorite ditty among the temporary or permanent sojourners at the Ring Stop.

—A woman speaks in the conditional mood when she says she will have him if he gives up his bachelor whiskers.

—The color of a boy's feet who is home for the vacation, and persists in going without his boots, is a sort of dusty, speckled, sandy, and a lively faith.

—Observed from the inverted, a pair of trousers the new style of standing collar, looks as though the wore a holding a policeman around a white waisted fence.

—Boston Post: The Providence Journal has a communication on "Hooking it in Church." We should think it would be a convenient despatch of its going into "dumps."

—Twenty of the cracks which our base ball players chase after daily would make a pretty healthy tree in the way of work; but then they wouldn't be so much fun in it.

—Rockford (Illinois) Register: Old Hamilton once taught school at Branch Chunk, Pa. A certain sixty-two years old tells this story, and declares, in proof of it, which he carries to-day.

—Iowa is one of the greatest fruit growing States we have. Apples and ten-cent pieces are taken up in church collections there, than any place in the U'ta.

—In those colicy times when green fruit generally is fulfilling its destiny, we cannot help reverting to the days when the luscious fruit of the feet that "by the apple, death came into the world."

—What is supposed from the character of Ann Hancock's signature in the Declaration of Independence that he used to write shorthand? Perhaps he was a reporter for the Philadelphia Congress.

—Rockwood (Illinois) Coalking is in the coal business. They say he makes his money by the ton, like Walter Scott's monument, and he ought to, for he has to dig for it. Coalking is the present director of the Wilkie Museum.

—Editors as a rule know too much to be married. Some of them have been married, but they never know it. Only a few days ago we saw a man who was married only fifteen minutes, and he was as much surprised and astonished as though he had been struck by lightning. He was married at 10:15 a. m., and without reversing, until the young lady suddenly remembers that her manners didn't what for since she has been gimmed to be her. Then comes the old fashioned plain waltz, full of ease and enjoyment of the dancers, and you feel inclined to join in. You are not care to change with the fashion. Then the popular, graceful glide, in which the body keeps still and the motion is in the music. All this, one may see in its and watches the dancers, giving happy expression to youth and joy. Sometimes fall into the habit of studying people, and human nature in all its phases; looking at the world through spectacles, take to it more and more as I grow older, and yet keeps about from it. We are all apt in reason from the face to the inward nature, and thus judge of what a person's mental qualifications may be, not remembering that the faces we see have been slowly, but indelibly, pencilled by time and circumstance, by thought, work and joy and sorrow. We meet a person on whose countenance is an expression of fretfulness and discontent and at once we set down in reading a mental character upon it. We think that it was once as clear as a title page, bearing only the cloudy cast-iron impress of the fretful mistress of her destiny. Or that since this many long chapters of sad experiences and defeated hopes have been written. And all the page is not

For Love's Sake Only.

By the Author of "Her Own Dark," "How Nellie Left the Manor," "Katherine's Mistake," &c. &c.

CHAPTER IV.

He finds the tray out of the kitchen, through the window, and, opening a door, into the big hall. Here, in the middle of the room, one chair is removed and placed along the walls and also to those desks, and a number of more kept with books and ink are neatly known. Upon the reflecting, or talking to each other in subdued whispers. They all stand up when Hugh appears. Rosamond, in the dark gown, is not without being seen.

Hugh finds his own place. With loving consideration watches her brother while he eats the cream with the rest. She has never supposed to see him at his work before, and she is proud to see him at his work before, and she is proud to see him at his work before, and she is proud

NED HAWLEY'S FORTUNES.

BY AUNT SUSAN.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

Ned prospered greatly. Every night, when he came home, weary from his day's work, he never failed to find a nice supper ready for him. He was always glad to get home to count his day's earnings and cheer up his mother with a lively chat. His evenings were spent at his books, his old teacher, which he had held at school, trying to brush up his former acquirements. Once in a long time he felt able to buy a new book, a rare circumstance to be sure, for there were so many ways for the money to go.

Six months passed away. Ned was not satisfied with his position, but it was the best he could do. The times were hard, as they always are for the destitute, and he knew no better way than to watch for a chance to do better, of which he was always hopeful.

Ned's life, even as a shoe-block, had its pleasures. He often had opportunities of relieving distress. What if his means were small, a few pennies from him were as much as a golden guinea from the rich man with whom the city abounded. He was always obliging if anything was required of him, and he was so esteemed by all who knew him.

There often came past him a pretty pair of children, a girl and boy, going to visit a toy shop which stood by the way. Ned knew them to an acquaintance, and often the boy would come to his box, and lift up his tiny feet, asking to have his boots blacked.

Ned, with his brush, would make many flourishes as he did his work, and the girl would laugh and clap her hands for joy. The children were always accompanied by a nurse, who was supposed to take the utmost care, but she generally found some crony to converse with, and the children were left to wander about at their will.

One day, as Ned was occupied with a customer, the children came along as usual, hand in hand, and stood pasitently by his side.

"What do those little folks want?" asked the gentleman, impatiently attending his shaking. Ned answered they were sons of his patrons, whom the children looked up with a smile, and went skipping away to their accustomed window.

Ned, busy with his work, did not observe a growing commotion in the street, until the gentleman forcibly drew his foot from his hand and rose swiftly away.

What was the boy's consternation when he saw, right in the children's path, tearing furiously along, a bull maddened by awe-driving. The street was cleared, for everyone had sought safety in flight. Ned and the children were the only ones exposed to danger.

The poor innocents were still standing as the wholesome sight from the toy shop began to the various toys that most pleased them, the nurse having abandoned them at the first sound of alarm.

Should he save them, too. Such a thing never entered Ned's mind; but, with all expedition, he rushed to their defence, his only weapons his blacking box and his wooden leg.

With one arm he threw the children in a doorway, with the other hurled the box full in the infuriated animal's face. Thus baffled for a moment, the bull backed off a space and the children were saved.

But Ned was unfortunate. The animal caught him up with his horns and tossed him high in the air. Fortunately, when he came down the bull had rushed on, and was far away by the time the boy had arisen to his feet.

There were enough people to protect the children after the danger was over, but the frightened little things clung to Ned, and he, although suffering from his injuries, took them home.

As he approached the house where they lived, he met a gentleman much excited and hurrying from the door. The servant had run and just informed him of the children's danger, and the father greatly alarmed, was going to find them. He was overjoyed to see them safe, and took them in his arms, expressing deep gratitude.

When the father turned to Ned, to thank him for the great service he had done him, he at once exclaimed, as he took the boy's hand:

"You are the very boy I have been looking for, the boy who found my pocket-book which contained so large a sum of money that had it been lost I should have been a bankrupt! Now, you have saved my darlings from a horrible death!"

As he pronounced these words, Ned turned pale, staggered and fell fainting on the doorstep.

"Bless my soul!" cried the gentleman, as he put the children down. "The boy is hurt, and badly, too!" And he lifted him up, called the servants, and had him carried to a chamber in the house, where he was undressed and put to bed. When a physician came he found an arm broken, and the boy's body covered with bruises.

Ned was forced to remain some time with Mr. Harvey.

His mother came to him, but, as Mr. Harvey had employed a capable nurse to care for him, she returned to her business, visiting him frequently:

The boy was treated with the greatest kindness. He had at last found a friend. Mr. Harvey laughed when Ned deplored the loss of his blacking-box, and said his "shine 'em as" days were at an end, as he should take care of his future. During Ned's convalescence, Mr. Harvey passed much time in his chamber. He was pleased to find the boy well-informed on many subjects, and, when he fully recovered from his injuries, after clothing him anew, Mr. Harvey took him into his office as a law-student.

This was just the life Ned would have chosen above all others. He studied diligently, and in due time was admitted to the bar. Mr. Harvey gave him a share in his business, which was as wise a thing as he ever did, for Ned soon became well-known, and brought more clients to the office than Mr. Harvey ever did in his palmiest days.

Ned often talks about his encounter with the bull that tossed him into such good fortune, and says that a horse of horns did more for him than anything else in the world.

[THE END.]

Saved by a Parsnel.

The Milwaukee Reporter says: A little colored girl, nine years of age, daughter of Jeremiah Pinkney, was attending the railroad bridge, which spans Fishing creek, near the city. A large parasol stretched over her head, when the blast struck it, bore her in a moment the way swept off the bridge and was drifting the nearly stagnant water. A lady who saw the affair from a short distance off, says that she went down hanging to the umbrella, which was stretched over her like a parachute. The handle broke just before she struck the ground. Several persons went to her assistance immediately, and were deeply surprised to find her alive. She was not badly alive, but consequently little injured, as the doctor who attended her, told the writer that her worst injury was a severe sprain of the ankle, which was probably a fracture of one of the smaller bones. Her preservation from death is probably owing to the fact that she struck the water in a position that she fell in a few inch thins or four feet high.

MY LADY'S FRENCH GRANDSON.

BY A. R. W.

"I am yet have brought good news," said the lady, looking gravely round in her black dress and unceasingly gray hair.

"Yes," said the gentleman to whom these words were addressed; "I bring you good legal news, my lady."

"Good legal news?" she said, coldly. "Surely what is good news from a lawyer's point of view, is good news without qualification, Mr. Creed?"

"If I were only the legal adviser of our lady-ship, I should simply say; but as I am twenty years your ladyship's senior, and to whom I was a young man, and you were a little girl, never dreaming of a title, my lady, I carried you many a weighty book, I beg myself to doubt whether that which is legally good news must, therefore, be equally good news from every point of view from which your ladyship should view it."

"Pray—pray, my dear Charles Creed, do not belabor me with your ladyships," for I know when you do so that at heart you are snickering me. I know that you are the best friend in the world that I have, and that—that long ago when I grew up and was seventeen, and you thirty, we fell in love, and we didn't marry. Your father and mine were neighbors—both gentlemen of indigent gentry. You were then a struggling barrister, and we were all poor. I am now the widow of Lord Frampton, who married me for my beauty, and to whom I was devotedly attached. I never prided me in his title, the anglish accrued the happiness of my family; and, indeed, saved them from ruin. Yes, on the other hand, are now a Queen's counsel, respected, rich, and—"

"Still a bachelor!" said Creed; "and though a lawyer, much amused at this summary of our lives, in which you have indulged. I won't say 'ladyship' you are more. I still think you made a mistake in espousing a man of sixty—it was twice as bad as marrying one of thirty—which is saying a word for myself. But we are talking of thirty years ago; you are—well, well, we will say forty—"

"Forty-seven," replied the lady, severely.

"And a grandmother, white I am still a bachelor at sixty—and your honorary legal adviser who, at five dollars the second child, head—not that I think it will come for twenty years—thinks of what he called you when you were dancing about over his father's fields, in your first childhood, and calls upon you, in strict, gravely and cautiously to weigh the question I am here to settle.

"My dear Charles Creed," said "my lady," frowning a little to compensate her dignity for having shown some emotion when the sweetheart of her far-away girlish times called her Beatrix—"my dear Charles Creed, you forget that my duty to my children are as real. It is my great desire to recognize as my eldest son's widow the young person who maintains that her child is now Lord Frampton by the death of her husband, and who places me in the position of dowager in the family; not that I should feel vexed at all about the position. But who better than you knows my children? Their every way half-formed inclination towards you, I married at seventeen Lord Frampton, then sixty years of age. I became a widow at twenty-four, thus losing the society of two children, the eldest thereby becoming Lord Frampton, the second now coming to the title in consequence of his elder brother having died unmarried. I say unmarried, Charles Creed, and shall say so until it is proved otherwise, for I shall never forget my lord's dying eyes—never his last words—'Beatrix, the honor of my house is in your keeping;' and I have tried, Charles Creed, to keep it pure. I have been more than twenty years a widow, and I have avoided a second marriage. I might have wedded very high, or even a man who would for my sake have striven to become a judge, and a high one, but Creed, who has been quite content to remain a Queen's counsel, but I would not forget my lord's last words. You will know what has happened. His son, my eldest boy, Harold, would go to sea, would engage himself with this French woman, resisting my scruples as to whether she was his wife, rebuking me for doubting his word, and, finally, after six years' estrangement between us, my son is drowned at sea, and then, for the first time, I, the head of the family, learn that he has a son, for whom this French woman claims the title, to the prejudice of my second son. This I insist, and until this woman forces her claims legally, I shall oppose this intrusion of a French boy into our English family, and his seizure of an honored English title. You bring me good news! What is it?"

"In the first place," said the lawyer, "let us have no exaggeration. Your son, not you, was the head of the family after he became of age. In the second place, he was not compelled to come to you humbly with his French wife. And in the third and most important, this lack-lose woman has not endeavored to obtrude into your family, for all she has done has been to write you three letters——"

"Neither of which I answered."

"Each more humble than the preceding," continued the lawyer, "and written in admirable English."

"For the writing of which, no doubt, she paid one of her English friends. My son has been dead twelve months. If she has a just claim, why in her son's name, does she not strive for her son's rights?"

"We are coming to that. Although she has no doubt about her natural right—although she and her husband as firmly believe they were married as it was possible for them to believe anywhere in the legal world, of which she had some knowledge immediately after his death, and which arose out of the second cause, which has retained her in France. This poor lady (reader or reader-ess) letters, and seeing the terms in which they are couched, whoever the writer, I consider her a lady, though she may go about as shabby as a workhouse servant—this lady, this person, had the unfortune to lose her mother a week after her husband went down at sea.

"I suppose I need not tell you that by French law a mother's person is compelled to leave her property equally among her children, unless some of them have received their share during the father's life, or it can be shown that any one of the children has led a wilfully immoral life?

The brother of this unhappy lady disputed her right to a portion of her father's estate, on the ground she was living immorally with Lord Frampton; and they went to law on the point."

"Poor thing!" said Lady Frampton, in a softened voice. "Although I never will forgive this foreign woman for estranging me from my eldest boy, yet, of course, I shall provide for her, upon condition that she does not annoy in any way."

"That is very kind of you, Lady Frampton," said Creed, smiling; "but the French lawyers have decided in her favor."

"What as to the legality of the marriage? and you call that good news?"

"Oh, not at all," said Mr. Queen's Counsel Creed. "Certainly, in a vast deal of this kind. The French law allows a good deal for intention, and the decision arrived at was this, that though your son's—well, I suppose I must say mistress, was not legally married, she and Lord Frampton certainly thought they were; and, therefore, she could not be said to be lending an immoral life. Consequently, in a qualified sense, she was married, she had a just right to her share of her mother's money, and to her guilder, the day so far. With this money, and the proceeds of a little estate her husband bought in France, together with the rent of a house and grounds they have here in England, she will be able to live comfortably, we'll have no need of charity."

"There is no question of charity," said Lady Frampton. "My son left a will by which he bequeathed to his wife, for life, the entailed property. You know that after he became of age the accumulations of his minority were laid out in improvements of this estate, and what little property he had was sold to pay the galning title or nothing out of it; and now the land goes to Gray, my second son, Lord Frampton. I shall pay this woman out of my settlements as an equivalent sum."

"In the first place Lady Frampton, you could not legally do so; and in the second, this French woman, as you call her, asks for nothing, and will never trouble you, except her son's right, as she terms it, for which she will never strive, and which she expects you to offer her."

Lady Frampton laughed scornfully, and said, "is in a question for English law, not for me. Have you seen this person?"

"No; I had a reason."

"What is it?"

"I am so prepossessed in her favor by her letters and her behaviour, that I fear if I saw her I should not be so good a lawyer in your behalf as I am at present."

"There is frank, Charles Creed, to say the least of it. But what is all this legal tangle about the woman not being married, and yet thinking herself married, and all this contradiction?"

"The thing is explained in five minutes, said the benevolent looking lawyer—benevolent because he had suffered in life, and had been sorely disappointed, "Here is how it is. The law of France, like that of most, has no branch minor can marry on foreign soil unless he or she has made the regular legal declaration. Your son and this lady were married, or at all events considered themselves married at marriage, at the English Embassy at Paris (which is held at French law to be English ground), without these legal declarations being made. Your son, finding that they were not legally married. On the other hand, by English law, the English courts have no jurisdiction, for it would be held that the English Embassy in Paris was only English ground as affecting matters in France, and that as the lady was not a naturalized English woman, the marriage can only be judged by French law, which has decided against her—unquestionably upon all those legal grounds an English court would decide against her—so you are free of your French grandson, whom you are not took to be his legal son; when the very law itself, and the law only, flings aside, whose father and mother both believe not only their lawful son, but legal heir. This is very good news—how do you like it, Lady Frampton?"

"Not much," said Lady Frampton, very slowly:—"Not too well, I must confess; for now I have conquered this woman, I am sorry for her."

"Pardon me," said the lawyer, "you cannot have conquered, because she has not resisted you. Something tells me you will regret what you have done, or rather, not done."

"Why, what would you have had?"

"You should have gone to the woman who holds—to herself—your son's widow—that son who thought her his wife,"

"She should have come to me."

"Perhaps she was too modest."

"Oh, nonsense! she knew she was suffering for rash-ness in my son."

"I beg your pardon—she is of a good French family, and they married secretly, because the French mother of the bride was as much opposed to the union as the English mother of the bridegroom."

"Indeed!" said Lady Frampton; and she flushed as though she had been struck.

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As the summer came, things did not go very well with Lady Frampton. Her son, the new lord, would not come home; going to town, she found him lodging elsewhere than with the town-house, and his servants were not over civil to her—except one, who so melted under the magic of a five-pound note, that he told the poor lady things which sent her fluttering home again into Leicestershire more bitterly than ever, deploring that her noble-hearted eldest son, who being rich, gave his duties to the land, and went away and worked upon the sea, had contracted a foolish mock marriage with this French woman against whom her indignation rose higher and higher.

"Who will find," said she to Charles Creed, one day in that brightening spring, "that I can give pride for pride. If she thinks herself an honest woman, why does she not come to me—for I am the head of the family—for aid from me? He is partly English, is he not? This woman forgets her duty as a daughter. Why does she leave me here in the world alone with quite alone?"

"Forgive me," said the lawyer, in a grave tone. "The laws of England and France decide that she is not your daughter. She owes legal duty to no one. The laws have not acknowledged her rights, and have imposed no obligations on her in that respect."

"What are your laws to me?" cried her ladyship. "I want my child. Where is this woman?"

"I do not know. You have not spoken of my lord, your second son. I am sorry to pain you."

"Charles Creed," she said, suddenly, white-faced, coming swiftly to him, and catching his hands, "in memory of our old love, drive him away from England. I never will see him again. My little son—my little son! He will be now between five and six years of age."

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There was a walk in the forest beyond Belle Chase, my lady's country seat (of which, under her husband's will, she held possession until her child was called "My Lady's Walk," the name being the result of her frequent promenades every year between April and October.

Creed said as that May came in after her last entreaty to her old friend and lover, Charles Creed—very sad, for the first time that year walked my lady in My Lady's Walk. She had let all April pass without walking out, for she had not been strong enough to leave her dismal and silent echoing house. The pink hawthorn was out, and the laburnum was showering gold from a thousand trees in the house grounds, as my lady passed by the iron gate into the more shadowed and congenial forest.

Her eyes were on the ground as she heard a delightful bright voice say, "Hullo!"

She looked up.

There drifting in a rope swing hung in a tree, was a splendid boy of about six. His yellow hair was clipped low over the forehead, and left long at the sides, after the pretty Danish fashion brought into England some few years since. He wore a navy blue marine costume, with a black sailor-knotted kerchief, his broad little neck and head well open to the soft, sweet May wind, while bare, little, sturdy, red stocking-legs and well booted feet swing idly crossed.

"Hullo!"—this with a smile, mounting even into the searching blue eyes.

"He may be like that," thought the desolate lady.

The poor woman bowed, and went up to the child, who was holding out his plump little white hand.

"How are you?" he said. "Quite well?"

"Harold!" said a soft, gentle voice.

"Harold—he is called Harold! My son's name?" she thought, as she turned towards the voice.

She saw, seated, a charming-looking, frank-faced young lady of about twenty-six or three, her white dress one and leaf speckled, very fair to look upon, and working at some needle-work with great industry.

"Pray forgive him," she said, rising. "He is a thoroughly English."

"Have I the pleasure of speaking to a neighbor?"

The lady bowed.

"May I ask to whom?"

The stranger looked at her son.

He looked the lady boldly in the face, still smiling, and he said, "I am Lord Frampton."

In one moment all the world had changed for Lady Frampton. Not for one instant did she doubt. But her pride came to her aid.

"This is a trick," she said.

"Oh, no!" interposed the poor mother "I set him on that he might see you. We heard about My Lady's Walk, and we have waited day after day, when the sun shone, until now—"

"Why have you not come to my home?"

"I was afraid."

"I was not," said the boy.

And then my lady remembered a little boy starting almost out of the terrace, until he was driven away by one of the servants, helped by a barking, yelping pup-hound.

"He got out of his bed-room window, and ran away," said the young mother, "to see where his father was born. Pray, forgive us—we don't want anything. We won't make ourselves known. His was a false name. But we heard, by means of the will, and are grateful for it, of my lord. We are quite resigned, but all we want is, that you will love us a little—only a very little?"

"I will," said the boy. "That's it—only just a little?"

The poor desolate lady was suddenly down upon her knees before the little boy, kissing his hands, laying down that no French branch minor can marry on foreign soil unless he or she has made the regular legal declaration. Your son and this lady were married, or at all events considered themselves married at marriage, at the English Embassy at Paris (which is held at French law to be English ground), without these legal declarations being made. Your son, finding that they were not legally married. On the other hand, by English law, the English courts have no jurisdiction, for it would be held that the English Embassy in Paris was only English ground as affecting matters in France, and that as the lady was not a naturalized English woman, the marriage can only be judged by French law, which has decided against her—unquestionably upon all those legal grounds an English court would decide against her—so you are free of your French grandson, whom you are not took to be his legal son; when the very law itself, and the law only, flings aside, whose father and mother both believe not only their lawful son, but legal heir. This is very good news—how do you like it, Lady Frampton?"

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LOVE.

BY CHARLES MORTIMER.

"And therefore, my dear Lillian, I trust I may regard that matter as settled."

The speaker was a portly, rather pompous looking man of somewhere between forty and fifty, with a florid face and a tight cravat; she addressed was apparently the result of the silken. He stood on the hearthrug of a handsomely-furnished dining room in a house in Portland Place; one hand was behind his back, the other rested on his gold eye glass, while his eye was bent on his daughter, a graceful girl of seventeen, seated at the table where luncheon was laid.

Lillian Gray was an exquisite blonde, with soft, caressing, violet eyes, which could look most pitiful; but now there were no tears in their lustre; her cheek was pale, and as she sat back in her chair with little hands pleated together at her knee handkerchief.

"Pouting myself astir, papa," she pleaded, in a tone of gentle, appealing, sympathetic voice. "Do not be so hard, so cruel, so unjust. Why should my feelings change because our position has? When Charley went away we were about as poor as he, and you would never have thought of objecting to him if Uncle Jim, of whom you had just sight of for twenty years, had not died in India, leaving you all his property."

"Because, Miss Gray," responded her father, "I am not going to rest to the left, then to the right, "I should have thought very differently, to say nothing of the amount of common sense would, of a man who promise what he does not perform."

"Surely it was no fault of his, papa, he was not to blame. How could he help the misfortune which overtook him."

"That, but that! What man is in his own opinion, to blame for not succeeding in life? Somebody says every man if he had his an- tation granted would be a literary man." I think every man would be a wealthy one. Charles Pilden said, 'I'll go to Australia and make a fortune.' He goes, and doesn't. It doesn't matter to me the reason why, but he doesn't. And I consider I have every cause to rejoice that when he proposed for your hand, Lillian, I would permit nothing like an engagement between you until he returned with that for- tune he declared he would acquire. Why didn't he?"

"Charley tells you the reason, papa. The Australian Bank, where he had placed his money, failed. The ruin of his master, and I know not what destroyed his hand, consequently——"

"No excuse in England, if he ever should return, a beggar, but in Australia, I am told, there was a wreckless fellow from the East, New, look at the contrast. Edmund Neville apparently went out much about the same time as Charles Pilden, and at the very one of the latter's establishment, his bosom, and his wealth, you receive a letter from the latter be- gaining his poverty."

Lillian Gray's pretty face turned red, then pale, at the mention of Edmund Neville, the rich Australian, of whom, as her father had remarked, all London was talking.

Sir Gray did not fail to perceive the change.

"I believe," he remarked, casting a glass of wine in his lips, "Mr. Neville rides with you to-day in the Row?"

"He has done me the permission to do so yester- day, papa, and you gave it him," answered Lillian, deliberately.

"Indeed! I did. As your accepted suitor he has a right."

"Accepted! Oh! papa," pleaded Lillian, "surely you will not force me to this! I like Mr. Neville as well, but——"

"You still think of that fellow Pilden?" broke in Mr. Gray wrathfully. "Miss Gray, an I your father, or am I not? Do you owe me obedience, or do you not? Mr. Neville desires to address you, and you will receive him as I bid him his desire, and request, as I have said that I may regard the matter as settled. You under- stand?"

"Perfectly," said Lillian, coldly, biting her lip hard.

"And your answer?"

"That, being my father, I will obey you."

She rose as she spoke, and as she spoke, and moved to the door.

"Lillian, come here," exclaimed Mr. Gray, looking after her.

She returned at once and waited his will, her pale, sad face raised to his.

"Tell me," he proceeded, "did you in any way engage yourself to Charles Pilden?"

"No, sir, because you forbade it."

"You had the subtle distinction ready enough! Now, save—save our love."

"Of that he has proved himself unworthy. A man who cannot make a living for himself has no right to think of taking a wife. Mr. Neville may as well tell you that, owing to Mr. Neville having to leave for the Continent next autumn, I have consented that your marriage shall take place before that time."

A startled, bewildered expression sprang into Lillian's eyes; but she did not speak. Of a proud spirit, she had ever stood in awe of her father, who, in poverty as in fashion, had ever made his will supreme. Lillian was not to be a bad representative of "Woman's Rights." Then she only beat her head in submission, and turned from the room to her own apartment, where, locking the door, she flew from her pocket a letter written on thin paper, and bearing the Australian post-mark.

It was from Charley Pilden. When a poor maiden's one he had loved Lillian, but lacking means to wed, had bravely resolved to win a fortune for her in the New World. He had done so, and was also, so did she treat him, but sincerely these years and stained, and he held in her hand the sad confession of bitterly disappointed hopes—of broken-hearted despair—declaring the letter for the fiftieth time, she read:

"My Own Dearest Lillian—

"I write at the same time that the mail leaves, that you may not think any change is fortune, which has entirely robbed. My hand had failed, and the small property I had deposited with a friend, with the exception of every shilling brought me by gambling speculations, unsuccessful, unfortunately, in the end. I am working for bread, and hope soon to be able to send you a home; but you will wait for me, dearest, I am sure, in accordance with our mutual love. Write to me by return. Tell me that you will be true to me, and never cease to think of

"Your affectionate

"CHARLEY."

A LONDON ROMANCE.

BY R. V. P.

CHAPTER I.

PORTLAND PLACE.

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It was from Charley Pilden. When a poor maiden's one he had loved Lillian, but lacking means to wed, had bravely resolved to win a fortune for her in the New World. He had done so, and was also, so did she treat him, but sincerely these years and stained, and he held in her hand the sad confession of bitterly disappointed hopes—of broken-hearted despair—declaring the letter for the fiftieth time, she read:

"My Own Dearest Lillian—

"I write at the same time that the mail leaves, that you may not think any change is fortune, which has entirely robbed. My hand had failed, and the small property I had deposited with a friend, with the exception of every shilling brought me by gambling speculations, unsuccessful, unfortunately, in the end. I am working for bread, and hope soon to be able to send you a home; but you will wait for me, dearest, I am sure, in accordance with our mutual love. Write to me by return. Tell me that you will be true to me, and never cease to think of

"Your affectionate

"CHARLEY."

CHAPTER II.

SOUTH END.

Lillian Gray's marriage with Edmund Neville, the rich Australian, mean thing decided. Society was in a state of excitement. Match-making mamma and eligible daughters envied the lady's good for- tune. Lillian, herself, forced to yield, was re- signed. She had not heard again from Charley; but friend a Mr. Arbuthnot, who brought her letter. What could she have said if she had? That she was a weak, timid woman, so accustomed to be ruled by the paternal command, that even in this case she yielded. So be it.

It wanted just a month to her wedding-day, when attired for riding, she stood in the draw- ing-room awaiting Edmund Neville and an old friend a Mr. Arbuthnot, who slightly ac- quainted her when she went abroad.

Lillian looked remarkably well in a habit, and not a mirror but repeated the tale that never had she been prettier than on this after- noon. Her golden hair was fastened in careless braids behind with a blue ribbon; and the top hat, which becomes few women, well suited her delicately cut features, softly shadowed by her veil. Her white hand was bended low, and she was fastening her dainty riding gloves, when Mrs. Arbuthnot, a middle-aged widow, was announced in.

"I hope I have not kept you waiting, my dear," she exclaimed, gayly; "but on the very eve of starting, that Sir Tenstile came in, and he is a fine button-holder if any man ever was."

"Nay," smiled Lillian, "there needs no apol- ogy. Mr. Neville has not come yet."

"Not come! Gracious, what a lover! Excuse me, my dear, but when your husband—not a suitor to me, I've heard him say that when we had made an appointment he used to hover for a full hour about the house with his watch in his hand, that he might be at the door to the minute. Do you know it has struck me once or twice that Mr. Neville is not a very scien- tific lover—no rather of the cold, though a shape deep one."

"He is quite enthusiastic enough for me, I assure you," smiled Lillian, sadly, as she played with her whip.

"Ah, my love, I see you don't forget Charley Pilden. Poor Charley! But really, Lil, your father is perfectly right in your present posi- tion he is an fit match, while Edmund Ne- ville——"

"Hush," interrupted Lillian, "he is here."

Edmund Neville was a handsome man of about thirty; tall, gentlemanly, and of a fair complexion. He had languid eyes and his manners seemed to be somewhat. With perfect self-possession he greeted Mrs. Arbuthnot, kissed Lillian's hand, coldly apologized for his being late, then, offering his arm, led her down stairs.

"Well, upon my word," thought the widow, gathering up her skirts as she followed, "if my Sam had not been more of a lover than that I should never have married him. And the girl actually seems pleased at it."

The love changed, on that afternoon, to be unusually thinly attended. The fashionable route to the Park was full of the trees the Piccadilly exquisite, and the city clerk with his wife and family, loitered at their ease.

Among those watching the fair equestrians was a man, who, from his style and dress, at- tracted several attention. He was tall, well- breed, well made shoulders, which set off with a manly grace the loose velveteen coat he wore. His countenance handsome, but im- pressive frank and genial, while a well-kept red-brown beard descended low over his chest. Finally, on a head of wavy, curly hair rested a broad-brimmed Australian hat, turned slightly up at the side. He certainly was an object to attract her a city clerk; he might have been an artist, even a little—as the groups is prone to accen- tuate—a genius, or a man of fashion in disguise.

From half past one he had been at the Row, either walking or leaning over the rails, his clear gray eyes moving swiftly here and there under the shadow of his hat. At one time, and three, when he, like all the rest, was startled by a quick, sharp, feminine cry. The stranger rose next from his meditative position and turned; then his countenance went as pale as dead.

Gallantly rushed he him, and, almost leaving him, was a spirited chestnut mare, whose rider and evidently had all control. Her hat was off, her hair streamed over her habit, her face was ashen and terrified. Instinctively before her, her form swayed helplessly in the saddle, her eyes were fixed on him—the stranger.

"Lillian!" he cried. "Lil—of—woman—she will kill!"

In a second he was over the rails, catching the mare's rein then his arm encircling the fair rider, he lifted her from the saddle.

"Oh! Charley, Charley Pilden!" cried Lillian Gray as she sank fainting on his shoulder.

To be at her from the flow in one of the seats under the trees was no difficult task to Charles Pilden. Only once everything else he was doing with passionate fondness into her pallid countenance, when Mrs. Arbuthnot, scared, as! alarmed, laid her hand on his arm.

"Charles Pilden," she whispered, reproach- fully, "in Heaven's name what do you here? Go instantly. Do not make a worse scene than you have already. You should never and even. Do you not know——"

"Everything. That the love Lillian gave me, by her father's command she has given to another. He does not surprise me. I read his character well; but it would be madness to sensitive my darling—necessary——"

"You wrong her. She must obey her father's will. He is rich, you——"

"Are a beggar, interrupted the young man, bitterly. "You are right. I will go but on one condition: promise me an interview to-morrow with Lillian."

"Impossible; her father will not permit it."

"He need not know it, Mrs. Arbuthnot. You were once my friend; be so now."

The widow was in a most pitiful dilemma. Should she, as she considered, intended to be a lady friend and Edmund Neville, reverer and con Charley, what an enchantic there would be!

"You force me to comply," she said. "Come to my house, Bromwell Gardens, to-morrow at eleven. If Lillian will grant an interview you shall see her."

Charley, with a few words of thanks, raised his hat and strode off through the crowd, which stared at his handsome, well-built figure, then contemplating Lillian, wondered.

CHAPTER III.

CROMWELL GARDENS.

Exactly to the hour appointed Charles Pil- den, attired just as he had been on the previous day, London, at the house of Mrs. Arbuthnot, Cromwell Gardens. On being admitted he was at once ushered into the drawing-room, where he found the widow alone.

"Mr. Pilden," she said, rising to greet him, "you took an unfair advantage of my position yesterday. It was cruel, very cruel to Miss Gray, who is not her own mistress. Yesterday you said you knew that in a month Lillian was Edmund Neville," she said quietly, "yet you give her, give yourself the pain of this in- terview. Why?"

Charley gripped his hat in both his hands; it sharp agony contracted his features so he re- plied, bitterly:

"Why? Can you not divine, madam? Would you refuse me the smallest favor possible to ob- tain, knowing my life depended on it? Lillian is all to me, and I am madly—she is there."

He pointed to the door—descended in the Charley pressed the extended hand gratefully to his lips, then disappeared through the folding-doors.

Lillian had heard his voice, and, pale and trembling, was awaiting him. As he entered, abruptly throwing out her small hands as rather to keep him off than in greeting, she cried, piteously:

"Charley—Charley, forgive me! The fault is not mine. Why did you return?"

He took the cold hands, pressing them to his lips, his heart then said with intense emo- tion:

"If not your fault, then, whose Lillian? Why did I return? To look upon you again—you in whom my happiness is centered—to tell you my love could never change."

She raised her head quickly, meeting his glance with tender reproach.

"And do you think mine can ever, Charley? she exclaimed. "As I have been once, must I always? At another's will we may give our hands, we cannot our hearts; that is beyond our power."

"Then you love me, Lillian, he cried, bright and joyous gleam in his eyes. "You do not of your own free will wed Edmund Neville?"

"I love Charley!" she said no more, but the tone was all-eternal.

"Then why wed him?" he expostulated.

"Because my father commands, and you know him so well do," she rejoined; then she added, with sudden despair, "Oh, Charley, then you have come too late. Pity me, my word is given—be merciful!"

"Merciful! How can a man be merciful, Lillian, when he loves a fairy like you to be- him? Heaven alone knows how fondly I loved —I trusted you. What matter no word of promise had passed between us—did such an affection as ours? No, no, I cannot and will surely. Oh! Lillian, could you but know the blessing that belief is to me, you would have my strength, my comfort. Do you remember what last we walked together, just as we said farewell, stooping, you gathered some forget-me-not, and placed them in my hands. I vowed I would only part with them with my life, that they should be my compan- ions, my consolation in my distant, friendless home; and they have been so. See.

Drawing from his pocket a small crystal phial he held it towards her. Apparently with- in lay a small heap of dust. Charles Pilden held it awhile in his hand, pressing it to his lips, breathing upon it until, under the warmth, through chemical agency, to Lilian's amaze, the dust seemed to form themselves into their original shape.

"You," he proceeded, passionately, "by the solitary watch-fires; in the dreary bush; amidst disappointment, despair, misfortune, this has brought me happiness and hope. In moments of despair it has recalled you to me, Lillian, and I have arisen strengthened, strong to over- come all obstacles. Now I return, for what?"

She was sobbing bitterly, and did not speak. He went on:

"Returned for what? To say I have a home, though a poor one, in Australia. To ask you to be his mistress. To forego wealth, the Old World friends, for my sake. Though not rich, many not envy affluence—not Lillian Gray. Lillian, I await your answer; will you make this sacrifice?"

"Charley," she exclaims, eagerly taking his hand, "I no weak, but you have made me strong. Take me to your home, be it in Australia as your wife. Gladly will I leave all. It is no sacrifice I make, dear. Rather do I im- agine you save me from the miserable future which is in store."

He had caught her to his heart; his lips had sealed the compact when they were startled by a knock at the door. Then came the sinister sound of the Italian, of marking acuteness and other individual associations by some external right of folly, the members, when they met in the room of the Italians